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MAGAZINE

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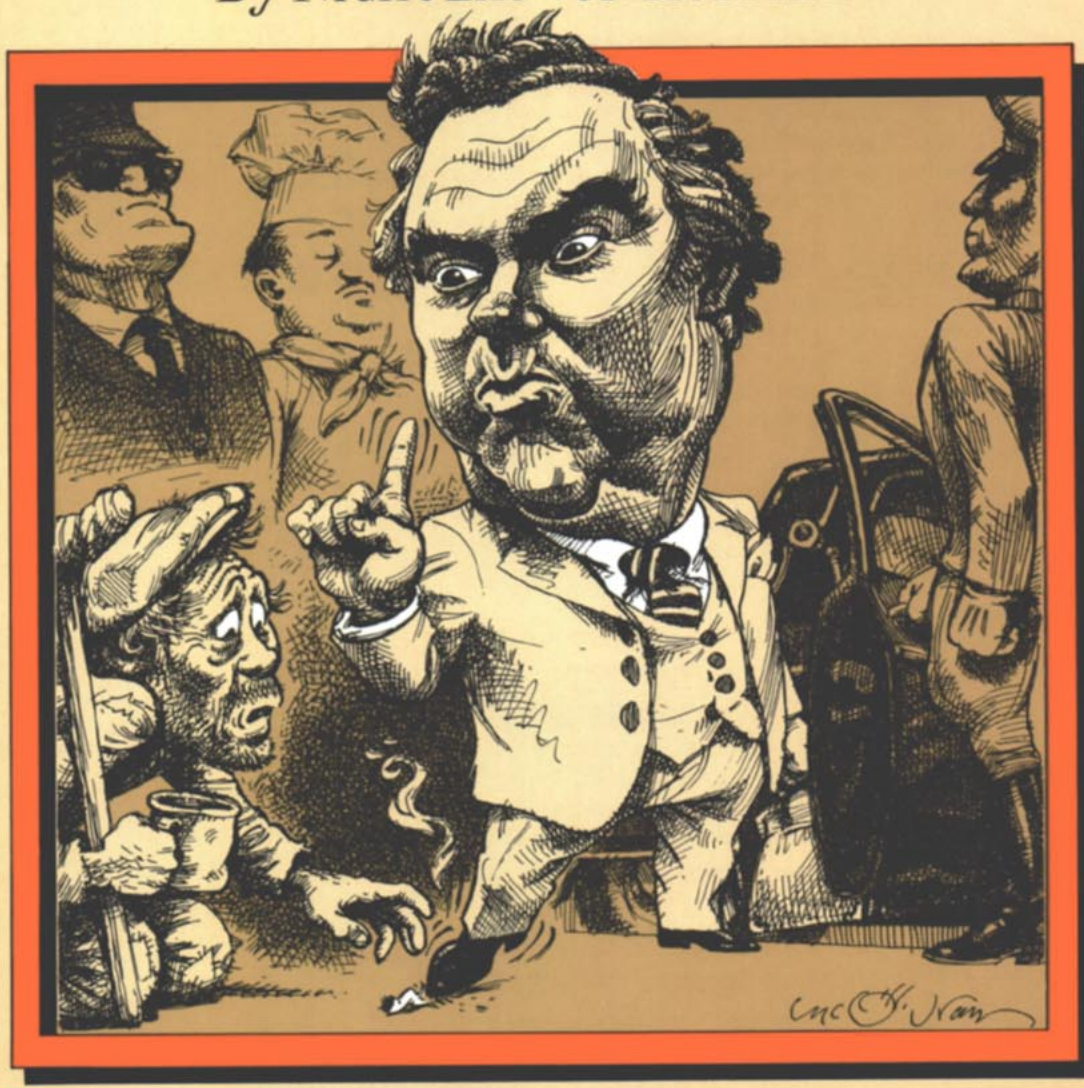
East German writers between two worlds

Robert Borosage: Kissinger in Cambodia

SMOKEY JOE CALIFANO

The political hustler as imperial secretary

By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN



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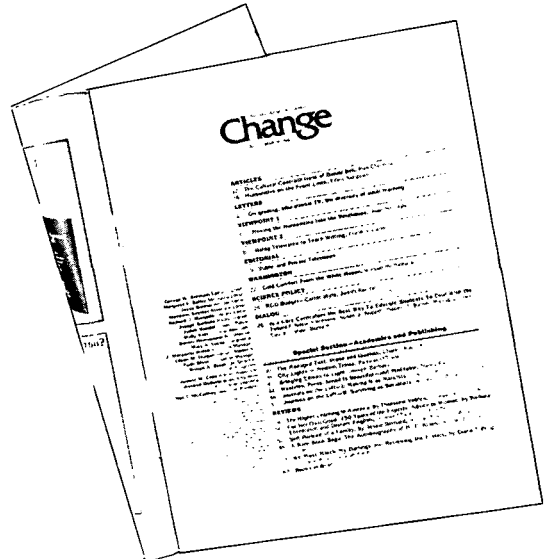
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IN

INQUIRY®

J U L Y 9 & 2 3 , 1 9 7 9

Smokey Joe Califano

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

p. 14

Whether or not Joseph Califano knows how to run HEW, he does know how to be a cabinet secretary: Keep your name in the headlines.

East Germany's critical writers

IRENE DISCHE

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East Germany's critical writers resist the pressures of conformity and political orthodoxy on both sides of the Wall.

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Hell, no, they won't go. In congressional hearings on the draft, senators learned that young Americans are prepared once again to fight conscription.

(PHIL STANFORD)

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A reckless disregard for a free press. The Supreme Court's decision in the *Herbert* case threatens to make candor in the newsroom a thing of the past.

(NAT HENTOFF)

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School for spies. Anacapa Sciences, Inc., a private firm, trains police spies at your expense. Their graduates have joined the ranks of red squads throughout the country.

(BILL WALLACE)



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Stephen Harvey reviews *Manhattan*, directed by Woody Allen.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

SAD TO REPORT, LOYAL subscriber, that your favorite semimonthly has taken yet another broadside from the competition. This time *National Review* found it could no longer maintain its composure in the face of *INQUIRY*'s studied disinterest in precipitating World War III. *NR* unleashed Ernest van den Haag's purple prose in a cover article that should make him a shoo-in for the coveted Joe McCarthy Memorial Red-Baiting Award. I commend to your attention our modest editorial rejoinder. Elsewhere in this issue Robert Borosage shares William Shawcross's distaste for Henry Kissinger's amorality, while Nick von Hoffman's in-depth look at Smokey Joe Califano assures us that just because we have a Democratic administration doesn't mean cabinet-level hiring standards have been raised.

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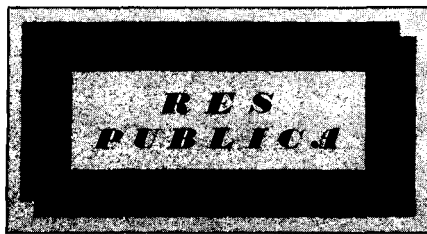
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Shut up and admit you're a disaster

■ The federal government has declared Cloud Lake [Florida] a "major disaster area." But the tiny town's 128 residents can't locate their disaster. "I couldn't imagine what it was. Everything here looked fine," said Town Clerk Dorothy Gravelin after receiving the . . . notification. . . . "None of us here could figure it out," Gravelin said. "We had such a big disaster—but we'd all missed it."

—Miami Herald, Apr. 29, 1979

Send them the Forty-Niners

■ Despite strong opposition from pro football commissioner Pete Rozelle, a [California] Assembly committee easily approved a bill designed to force the National Football League to place a new team in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

The bill would establish the legal right of a community to have a replacement professional sports team if an existing franchise is moved and prohibit a professional sports league from "unreasonably refusing or failing" to provide a replacement team should one be moved.

It also authorizes the State Athletic Commission to levy fines of up to \$6000 per day for violation and prohibit league play in the remainder of the state to compel compliance.

—Los Angeles Times, Apr. 17, 1979

For the record

■ Hundreds of Washington area individual investors—and untold thousands across the country—are not being paid on time by the federal government as Treasury bills mature.

Some investors are calling it an unprecedented "default" by the United States government and are demanding interest to cover the extra days during which they don't have use of their money. . . . An official Treasury statement promised only that the government will consider "whether any action can be taken to adjust the matter of interest . . ."

—Washington Post, May 10, 1979

Lining up at the trough

■ More than 350 businessmen turned out today looking for a piece of the action in the next giant Middle East construction project . . . the two air bases the United States is committed to build for Israel under the terms of the Israel-Egypt treaty worked out at Camp David last September. . . .

[Maj. Gen. James A.] Johnson told the businessmen that the Pentagon has requested the highest priority—DX Brickbat—for the project. DX Brickbat is a rarely used priority that gives the government the right to preempt any materials from any production line or any means of transport. It is available at the president's discretion to meet emergency situations.

—Washington Post, Apr. 21, 1979



Cause and effect

■ An accountant in Chicago has begun to ask IRS auditors for their credentials, as they seem eager to challenge hers. Recently an IRS auditor told her: "I'm taking my first accounting course at night and I hate it."

—Wall Street Journal, Mar. 21, 1979

■ The FBI reported last year that 74 percent of all threats and 41 percent of all assaults on federal workers were directed at IRS employees.

—San Francisco Chronicle, Mar. 24, 1979

No, you're doing it to us

■ Alfred Kahn, chairman of the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability, described Americans as "spoiled—spoiled sick" yesterday and said citizens must lower their expectations if inflation is to be beaten. . . .

"We're doing this to ourselves," Kahn said.

—San Francisco Chronicle, May 17, 1979

War is peace, part one

■ President Carter, evidently leaning toward approving development of a new mobile ballistic missile, said today that the weapon would be consistent with Soviet-American arms control measures and that its deployment could contribute to world peace. . . .

He denied that the missile would run counter to his goal of working toward the elimination of nuclear weapons. . . .

—New York Times, May 30, 1979

War is peace, part two

■ President Anwar el-Sadat said today that he no longer expected Saudi Arabia to finance the purchase of 50 American jet fighters for Egypt, and would ask the American people to raise the money for them by public subscription. . . .

Mr. Sadat said that once Saudi Arabia formally notified Egypt of a decision not to pay for the planes, he would ask Americans to help "as proof to all the Arabs and to all the world that we intend to continue on our way toward peace."

—New York Times, May 13, 1979

Now they've gone too far

■ The Iranian Embassy, once known in Washington for its lavish parties during the reign of deposed Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, emptied its cellars of 4,000 bottles of liquor today and poured them all into a sewer. . . .

[An embassy] spokesman said the embassy would not think of selling the liquor to private drinkers because "as a Moslem you can't get rid of it if it is going to harm someone else."

—New York Times, May 28, 1979

Oh

■ Explaining the Labor Department's various affirmative action rules recently, Laura Fox, of Labor's Employment Standards office, said, "The first rule is that an employer only has to hire the most qualified applicant."

"If it gets down to five people and they're all equally qualified," Fox said, "and they're all from protected classes, then the employer sees which classes already are represented in his work force, and he would not hire an applicant from those classes. He'd hire from an under-represented class."

"That's not discrimination," Fox said. "That's just giving one person a job and turning down another one."

—Washington Post, Mar. 19, 1979

I N Q U I R I E S

National Review on the warpath

Attack

NATIONAL REVIEW, THE CHIEF spokesman for what passes for conservative thought in America, has devoted twelve of the forty-eight pages of its June 8 issue to a sweeping attack on *INQUIRY*, on our publisher, Cato Institute, and on other publications that have often taken similar positions. In a major article, Ernest van den Haag, the right's leading psychiatric and legal disciplinarian, assails the ideological groundwork underpinning *INQUIRY*'s philosophy. He there shows how a commitment to human liberty and voluntary action contravenes a number of cherished conservative views, among which are strict control of pornography, and the centrality of original sin to a proper view of man and the state—subjects particularly close to van den Haag's heart.

Van den Haag has added to his already numerous credentials, which include lay analyst, criminologist, theologian, Keynesian economist, historian of philosophy, constitutional jurist, and defender of Richard Nixon, that of grand inquisitor, all in aid of giving *INQUIRY* a thorough hiding for its heretical views. But lest nine pages of his ponderous prose not suffice to alert the reader to *INQUIRY*'s uncanonical, indeed dangerous, approach to politics, a second article is appended by one Lawrence V. Cott.

Cott's article is *National Review* at its most characteristic—uncomprehending, obtuse, and incapable of making even the grossest sorts of distinctions. It speaks with the authority of unbridled suspicion and cheap innuendo, as befits its author, a longtime professional red-baiter and editor of *National Review*'s own McCarthyite broadsheet, *Combat*. *Combat*, which in 1969 received the coveted Vigilant Patriot Award from the All-American Conference to Combat Communism, carried such scoops as "Evidence Mounts Russia Plotted 'Pueblo' Case," "NYC Nabobs, Police Officials, Endorse Black Muslim Dinner," and "Czech Intelligence Played Role in Anti-Goldwater Campaign." Cott's *idée fixe* appears to be that *INQUIRY*'s primary concern is to avenge the murder of Chilean diplomat Orlando Letelier and, thus, to further—whether wittingly or not he does not specify—the interests of the Cuban intelligence network in the United States. (See below.) In passing, Cott shares his discovery that *INQUIRY* is an apologist for Stalin, including—by implication—his war on Finland and his annexation of the Baltic republics.

With these two articles, *National Review* disassociates itself from the current emergence of antistate attitudes. No doubt, publishing them is, as William Buckley wrote in a slightly altered context, "an act of exorcism essential to political and intellectual hygiene."

Why take this sort of attack seriously? Because *National Review* has, at times, put itself forward as a champion of individual liberty and because in doing so it has been guilty of the crudest hypocrisy. Equally important, in describing *INQUIRY* it has engaged in a number of distortions, some issuing from sloppy attention to fact, others serving a more mischievous ideological intent. *National Review*, threatened by a growing distrust of state intervention in both economic and social life, has—perhaps unintentionally—joined hands with those in the old left (see *INQUIRY*, June 11 & 25, 1979) to blacklist adherents of voluntary rather than coerced solutions to the social ills that beset us.

Predictably, *National Review* is most upset by *INQUIRY*'s lax and almost treasonable stand on America's military posture. It appears that for *National Review* no life is too precious, no sum too great, that it cannot be expended in the crusade against an ever-rapacious world Communist empire. It is not surprising, therefore, that van den Haag cannot distinguish between unilateral disarmament and the unilateral initiatives to promote arms control that were suggested by *INQUIRY*. *National Review* has consistently taken the position that when it comes to the hardware of megadeaths, more is invariably better. In criticizing *INQUIRY*'s proposal to cut back 100 Minuteman missiles as a negotiating initiative—land-based missiles which, as *National Review* has ceaselessly reminded us, will soon become sitting ducks in the event of a Soviet first strike—van den Haag refers to us as "well-intentioned idealists." But, he adds ominously, "so were most Communists."

National Review's view of foreign policy—and van den Haag's article is no exception—has so lost touch with reality that it continues to see Moscow's hand behind all the world's woes. Van den Haag does not even try to refute the statements made in *INQUIRY* that Soviet activity in Angola and Ethiopia has been largely a response to Western actions, or that South Korea hardly continues to require outside help to protect itself against an attack from the North. These findings, because they do not jibe with the conservative Cold War *Weltanschauung*, are simply dismissed as self-evidently false. Even hard facts can make no headway against this kind of blind indignation.

Van den Haag's article—as befits an essay in *National Review*—underscores the centrality of tradition to the conservative view of politics and society. He takes *INQUIRY* and its writers to task for repudiating such "essential elements of civilization" as the "social bond," "public authority," the doctrine of original sin, and the restraints of custom. But van den Haag himself is a traditionalist only selectively. With reference to the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision, he is firmly in the conservative camp. In 1964 he commented in an article in *National Review* that the quality of education could be improved "only if pupils were separated according to ability." "And this means," he added, "very largely according to race." Yet how about blacks who show ability? Given van den Haag's criterion for quality education, should they not be admitted to white schools? "I think," he candidly responded, "this could

demoralize the remaining Negro children and could be hard also on the transferred child."

Yet on other questions van den Haag rejects current conservative thinking. He is a legal positivist, a utilitarian, and he understands and analyzes social institutions—including marriage, the family, and religion—solely in terms of their function. Those who are familiar with van den Haag's other writings cannot but be struck by the hypocritical cant of his supposed traditionalism displayed in his attack on the libertarian approach *INQUIRY* has taken.

On economic matters van den Haag is no better. He chides the editors of *INQUIRY* for having "principles for everything." In contrast, he boasts that conservatives, among whom he includes himself, possess no principles by which to determine the limits of state power. This sort of candid disclaimer would be humorous were it not for the fact that van den Haag's recommendations would lead to the continuing destruction of economic life through inflation and an ever-growing bureaucracy. He supports the centralized manipulation of credit, boosting social security payments and veterans' benefits, deficit spending, increases in the money supply, subsidies to the old and to the young, and the now discredited notion of countercyclical fiscal policy: in sum, massive state intervention in the economy. As the late Frank Meyer, longtime columnist for *National Review*, at one point wrote in reply to van den Haag's economic recommendations, they might well create a leviathan of such monstrous proportions as to dwarf the states of which we have historical knowledge.

Perhaps the most repellent of van den Haag's techniques is to suggest that the value of any philosophy is at least colored by the private lives of its adherents. "The attraction of ideas," he writes, "is not unrelated to the character of those attracted to it." And among the increasing numbers of people subscribing to the political approach with which *INQUIRY* identifies, he contends, are an inordinately large number of "kooks, neurotics, and perverts." For those who know the *National Review* crowd this statement verges on black humor.

National Review's memory is short. When, during the 1964 campaign, *Fact* magazine carried an article entitled, "1,189 Psychiatrists Say Goldwater Is Psychologically Unfit To Be President," conservatives and particularly *National Review* were justifiably outraged. Indeed, so was Thomas Szasz, one of van den Haag's *bêtes noires*. Van den Haag is a clinical psychologist and is therefore unusually sensitive to Dr. Szasz's critiques of the psychiatric establishment that appear in *INQUIRY* and elsewhere. The result is that when van den Haag deals with *INQUIRY's* position on institutional psychiatry, he resorts to scurrilous attacks on Szasz. Van den Haag bases his assessment of Szasz on the mistaken notion that Szasz is somehow soft on the political uses of psychiatry in the Soviet Union, especially when compared to what van den Haag characterizes as the benign uses made of psychiatry in this country.

Here he is simply ignorant of what Szasz has written. (Consider, for example, Szasz's statement: "That the Soviet Union is a police state—that it is, as it were, one big prison, concentration camp, or mental hospital—is a fact at once too simple, obvious, and unpalatable for many observers of the contemporary political and psychiatric scene to admit." *INQUIRY*, January 2, 1978). Yet van den Haag goes to the ludicrous extreme of suggesting that Szasz and others like him who criticize American institutions with the same gusto they employ in attacking the oppressive

institutions of the Communist countries "went to Stalin's school" and are siding with "the greatest enemy of liberty on this planet." Szasz is hardly deluded on the nature of Soviet psychiatry nor on the nature of Soviet oppression generally. However, van den Haag concludes that Szasz is either writing in bad faith, or incompetent, or—and here he leaves the realm of ordinary discourse and approaches pure psychobabble—possessed of an unmanageable obsession.

The whole thrust of van den Haag's calumny against *INQUIRY* and its writers is that we do not start from the premises that government is a benign institution staffed by persons whose authority raises them above the weaknesses of ordinary mortals and that the American state in particular represents an almost perfect form of social organization—and that if *INQUIRY's* libertarian ideas were to be implemented, chaos and the destruction of social life would ensue. Not only the obligation to serve in the army—an obligation that *INQUIRY* indeed opposes—but the obligation of the child to his parent, the parent to his child, in fact the obligations underlying all human interactions, would fall if we were to have our way. Emotions, values, philosophies, religions, national feelings, and the symbols by which we live, the very cement that binds each of us to the other, would be so weakened by limiting the power of government to coerce compliance that society would crumble and mankind would be plunged into a Hobbesian state of war.

There is not one word in van den Haag's article about the destruction of social institutions that follows upon government intrusion into private life. Nor does he speak to the fact that the spying and meddling of the FBI and the CIA have seriously damaged free political organizations at home and have endangered peace abroad. Instead we are treated to Bodin's absolutist theory of sovereignty: *potestas legibus absoluta*, power unqualified by law. If citing Bodin on the joys of absolutism is the best that *National Review* can do to suggest a future course for this already overgoverned society, American conservatism is, as one always suspected, intellectually barren. □

Buckley's Pinochet connection

Counterattack

IN ITS ATTACK ON *INQUIRY*, *NATIONAL Review* makes much of our supposed obsession with avenging the murder of former Chilean ambassador Orlando Letelier. In doing so, it resurrects the old canard that Letelier was an agent of "Cuban intelligence." That charge—based on a wholly imaginative reading of documents taken from Letelier's briefcase after his assassination—was long ago refuted by the *Washington Post*, the FBI, and federal prosecutor Eugene Propper. Their investigations have shown no evidence that Letelier received a nickel from the Cuban government. His funding came instead from the treasury of the Chilean Socialist party, controlled by Beatrice Allende (the daughter of Salvador Allende), who was exiled in Havana. The party's funds are raised mostly in Western Europe, from Chilean exiles, church and labor groups, and social democratic parties.

That's that. But the question remains: Why is the *National Review* still peddling such discredited rumors?

The answer lies in the fact that even as the corpse of Chilean democracy was still warm, William Buckley was organizing a propaganda team to whitewash the new military dictatorship.

On October 29, 1974, Buckley arranged a luncheon to bring together Chilean government officials with two of his close friends: Nena Ossa and Marvin Liebman. Ossa, a Chilean correspondent for *National Review*, became a prominent official in the junta's Cultural Department. Marvin Liebman, the veteran right-wing "public relations specialist," cofounded with Buckley numerous conservative propaganda organizations such as Young Americans for Freedom, and raised funds for *National Review* at its inception. Buckley, according to Justice Department documents, had recommended Liebman to the Chilean junta as a public relations consultant, and arranged the luncheon to permit Liebman to discuss ways in which he could serve the new military regime. Liebman, in turn, drafted a letter to Buckley outlining his proposals—a letter that Buckley passed on to Mario Arnello, a member of the Chilean mission to the United Nations.

In his letter Liebman thanked Buckley "very much for inviting me to meet with your Chilean friends yesterday at lunch. The conversation was stimulating and informative." Liebman proposed setting up a public committee instead of a registered lobbyist for "counteracting the current image of Chile as a right-wing, despotic dictatorship." To Buckley and Arnello he admitted that the organization would be independent of the junta only "insofar as its public posture is concerned," and that contributions to it could be laundered through U.S.-based corporations. He further noted that in order to act "as advisers to the Chilean government on all matters relating to American public opinion," he would have "to have access at all times to the Chilean Ambassador or his designated aides." He concluded: "Because of our unique influence and knowledge of the American scene—particularly within the Conservative movement, from which the first strength for such a campaign must come—I believe that my organization can do as good a job for Chile as any other group in the country."

Liebman soon won his way to Pinochet's heart, and before long he was arranging for publication in the United States of articles favorable to the junta—some of them even supplied by Captain Charles Ashton, director of the junta's information service in Santiago. Whether Buckley accepted any of these planted articles is uncertain, but he regularly opened the pages of *National Review* to projunta writers, including Robert Moss, whose book *Chile's Marxist Experiment* was funded by the CIA. Indeed, another such author was Buckley's own brother, Reid, who was guided around Chile by Nena Ossa and conferred with Mario Arnello.

Liebman also founded the American-Chilean Council, whose Chilean counterpart, the Consejo Chileno Norteamericano (CCNA), is headed by Nena Ossa. ACC's newsletter claims that the council was "organized by private individuals" to counter the "Communist economic and propaganda offensive" against Chile. Its chairman pro tem, former ambassador to Spain and Argentina John Davis Lodge, is the man who wrote in the *New York Times*: "If we could stop preaching, we might even be able to learn something from our friends in Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile regarding how they have successfully handled and

are handling the most cunning, cynical, vicious, brutal, relentless challenge of our time." (He was referring to communist subversion, not military despotism.)

But is the American-Chilean Council, which Buckley did so much to get off the ground, really such a private affair? The Justice Department thought not, and charged Liebman and the ACC with filing "willfully false and misleading documents" disguising ACC's true relations with the Chilean junta. The Justice Department was able to show that the junta secretly passed funds to the ACC through Buckley's friend Mario Arnello, and that it provided "control and direction" to ACC's counterpart, Nena Ossa's CCNA. And on May 31 a federal judge in Washington, D.C., ruled that ACC was in fact an illegal, unregistered lobby for Chile's military dictator, General Augusto Pinochet. The judge enjoined the ACC from engaging in any further propaganda activities.

Given all this, it is hardly any surprise that Buckley's magazine rails at our effort to tell the truth about the military dictatorship in Chile and the assassination of its opponents abroad. For our part, we think that's a far more honorable endeavor than taking money to put a pleasant face on murder. □

Leaving human rights behind

Carter goes to Korea

A MONTH BEFORE HE WAS SCHEDULED to visit South Korea, President Carter sent an assistant secretary of state ahead to investigate the continuing charges of political repression by Park Chung Hee's government. From the beginning, the special mission had the distinct odor of a public relations ploy. As anyone in the State Department could have told the President, the United States has an embassy in Seoul staffed with foreign service officers whose duty it is to keep track of these matters. It is questionable, to say the least, that even an assistant secretary on a whirlwind tour could come up with much information not otherwise available. The best guess is that Carter, beset by critics demanding that he cancel his visit, decided to buy a little time. He wasn't interested in information.

The problem is not a shortage of information, but the unwillingness of the U.S. government to face the facts squarely. Repression—brutal political repression, which makes it a crime punishable by life in prison to criticize the current regime—continues unabated in South Korea. In fact, a carefully documented study released in April by the World Council of Churches reports "an intensification in internal repression over the past year." Free speech is suppressed, the press is censored, academic freedom is stifled. Political prisoners are frequently tortured.

It is all beginning to look very familiar. Why does the foreign-policy establishment persist in drawing the wrong lesson from, first, Vietnam, and more recently, Iran? Not surprisingly, as repression intensifies in South Korea, "a remarkable increase in resistance against repression" follows. The time will come when a U.S. President will be no more welcome in Korea than he is today in Vietnam or Iran. □

LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Transporting the rich

WHILE WE AGREE WITH Stephen Chapman's assessment of John Gardner and Common Cause [INQUIRY, Mar. 5, 1979], we disagree with some of your remarks concerning environmentalists and your characterization of public transit as a process that subsidizes the wealthy.

Some environmentalists are indeed elitist in their pursuits, but it is unfair to taint us all as defenders of class privilege. Some, especially those who focus on the urban environment and long-range policies, are challenging the very status quo Common Cause seems intent on sustaining. The result is a perpetual struggle to survive, economically and professionally.

As for public transit being subsidized by the poor for the rich—this idea is rubbish. In New York City, for example, more than 50 percent of the households do not even have cars and more than 60 percent of the transit-riding population are blacks and Hispanics with average incomes of less than \$10,000. By way of comparison, Manhattan's motorists are predominantly white males with average family incomes of \$25,000.

We also disagree with your characterization of the BART and DC Metro transit systems. It's simply too early to assess their impact. Gasoline shortages and the skyrocketing cost of auto enslavement will ultimately prove the long-term value and cost-effectiveness of these systems, despite their early deficiencies.

BRIAN KETCHAM
Citizens for Clean Air
New York, N.Y.

Chapman's characterization of mass transit systems as subsidies to the rich referred specifically to new fixed-rail systems such as BART or DC Metro, not subway systems built in densely populated cities before the age of the suburb and the freeway. BART

and DC Metro were designed to carry commuters from the suburbs to downtown business districts; they do not serve the residents of black areas such as East Oakland or southeast Washington. But that doesn't mean that poor people don't have to pay for the systems. Both railroads are heavily subsidized from tax revenues, including a regressive half-percent sales tax in the San Francisco Bay area. And even if gas shortages drive thousands of commuters out of their autos, rail systems like BART will never be as efficient or flexible as buses operating over already existing road networks. BART and DC Metro aren't visions of the future; they are museum pieces built for the comfort and satisfaction of government and corporate-state technocrats.—EDITORS.

The one great monopoly

I CONSIDER INQUIRY TO BE the best magazine published today. So I was disappointed when John Hess's otherwise excellent article, "What the press doesn't know about inflation" [INQUIRY, May 14, 1979], ended on this note: "A sound-money liberal . . . would beef up antitrust action and the prosecution of price rigging," among other things, to stop inflation.

The assumption is that the monopolies and cartels are market phenomena that must be somehow restrained by Uncle Sam. If INQUIRY has taught me anything, it is that what we have to fear is not business per se but the alliance between the government and the corporate structure. It seems to be no coincidence that every concentrated industry today, from steel to automobiles to oil to trucking, is heavily regulated. The only sensible thing is to remove the controls that have established such corporate empires and let each firm compete freely without having the state interfere to protect those businesses that make up for their inability to produce by political contributions.

The main problem with antitrust is that it leaves it up to the corporate state to determine which firms are uncompetitive and which are not. Too often those who are fined are cutting in on the territory or out-competing a politically privileged company. The only effective price fixing is sanctioned

by the ruling class in Washington and its allies on Wall Street.

There remains one monopoly to oppose to cure our inflationary illness: the United States government.

DAVID A. LIPS
Wilmington, Del.

Kudos

THOMAS SZASZ IS, WITHOUT doubt, the most perceptive observer of American society. His articles alone are well worth a subscription to INQUIRY. Thank you.

DAN P. DOUGHERTY
Kentfield, Calif.

A war of civility

REGARDING SAMUELS AND Goodman's call for an FBI charter, which appeared in your May 14, 1979, issue, be advised that it is not the "solution" to the "problem." An FBI charter will only authorize that which was illegal before.

As was the consensus at the Second Conference to Stop Government Spying, the solution is in abolishing the FBI. Without substantial reduction in staff and revenue, the FBI and other federal investigative agencies can only continue in violating the constitutional rights of the American citizenry. As I perceive it, if there is a need for a federal police force, it is a very limited one. The call for an FBI charter is anti-libertarian.

SHELLY WAXMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Correction

IN "THE NUCLEAR DINOSAUR" [INQUIRY, May 14, 1979], I read that "Atomic General went out of business in 1975." I'm sure that the rest of the more than 2000 employees of General Atomic Company would be just as surprised to read that as I was. (Yes, INQUIRY also managed to get the name backward.) We did "temporarily" stop marketing power reactor systems at that time, but we are by no means out of business—not even out of the nuclear business.

D. E. WRETTLIND
General Atomic Company
San Diego, Calif.

PHIL STANFORD

Hell, no, they won't go

THE PUBLIC DEBATE OVER resuming the draft has been particularly slippery. At first we were told the draft was necessary because the volunteer army was a failure—recruiting was down. Opponents of the draft showed that the military forces were actually over strength.

Of course, said the pro-draft folks. What we really meant was that the “quality” of the military forces has declined. Since the draft was abolished, soldiers are dumber, less capable of performing their jobs. Their opponents cited official statistics proving the opposite.

Well, then, said the pro-drafters, let's talk about the reserves. In particular, they were interested in something called the Individual Ready Reserve, which they said was short-handed. However, no one could get too excited about drafting to offset “shortfalls” in the reserve.

Finally, the word *draft* disappeared altogether. Instead, we had *registration*. Registration for what? For the draft, of course, but only as an administrative convenience to speed things up in the event of a wartime mobilization. For some reason, this has confused a lot of people.

As Barry Lynn, chairman of the newly formed Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD), told a Senate committee last month, “The way some people discuss registration one would get the idea we are contemplating registering people for a government-sponsored ping-pong tournament. We are not; we are considering registering them for compulsory military service.” Registration,

said Lynn, is “inseparable from the draft itself, since it forms the cornerstone of conscription.”

Put another way, Lynn is saying that registration is the old nose-under-the-tent trick. If we allow registration now, in a year or two we will get the whole camel. Surely, this is too obvious to belabor. However, since a number of congressmen—including Representative Les Aspin, who should know better—say they oppose a peacetime draft but support registration, perhaps some discussion is in order.

In the first place, there is a recent study by the Congressional Budget Office, which shows that registration now would not appreciably enhance this country's ability to mobilize for a war. As Lynn told the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Manpower and Personnel, a major finding of that study was that inductions could begin a mere thirteen days sooner with regis-

***Planners face
a simple choice:
Either resume
conscription, or
reduce the size
of the army and
our commitments
overseas.***

tration than without it. This, he said, “is not of military significance.”

For those who are still unpersuaded, there are the words of Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia. Nunn, who is chairman of the manpower subcommittee, has long been on record in favor of the draft. Not long ago, in fact, he listed the resumption of the draft as a condition that must be met before he would vote for the SALT treaty. Nunn is currently a leader in the move to resume the draft. Does Nunn see a connection between registration and the draft? On April 9 he was asked that question on the MacNeil/Lehrer Report by co-host Jim Lehrer:

Lehrer: Well, you know, Senator, those who object to your plan[to begin registration] say that what you're really doing is just taking the first step toward the draft and you don't want to go all at one time. Is that true?

Nunn: I would say that this is a first step towards the draft. . . . There's no denying that you cannot have an effective draft without having effective registration and classification.

So much, one would hope, for the rather curious notion that registration for the draft is somehow unrelated to the draft. Certainly, no one who testified before Senator Nunn's subcommittee on the morning of Monday, May 21 was fooled on this score.

THE HEARINGS WERE A last-minute affair. In fact, it seems fair to say that Nunn scheduled the session simply so the opponents of a draft couldn't complain later that the Armed Services Committee had made its decision without listening to their side of the argument. Those who testified, including representatives of CARD, the ACLU, Students for a Libertarian Society, and various religious groups, were notified the preceding Friday afternoon. The hearing was over and done with in three hours. Nevertheless, it afforded the opposition a chance to get their views on record—and it provides us with a summary view of the case against the draft.

The principal witness of the day was the Reverend Barry Lynn, speaking for CARD. Lynn, besides being an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ, is a lawyer and his church's legislative counsel. He is an experienced hand at dealing with Congress, and his testimony offered a systematic rebuttal of the various arguments being used by those who are pushing for a draft.

The bulk of Lynn's testimony was an attack on the “dubious military planning assumptions” behind the current campaign to resume the draft. According to military planners, we need to keep our armed forces at their current strength in order to have enough replacements for the casualties that would result from a war in Europe. “It is most unlikely,” said Lynn, citing a recent study by the International Institute of Strategic Studies, “that NATO and Warsaw Pact forces will ever engage in a prolonged non-nuclear combat.” But even supposing that such a war could occur, he said, there are serious questions about

PHIL STANFORD is Washington correspondent for INQUIRY.

the Pentagon's projected need for troops in such a conflict. The Pentagon's own projection of casualties in a European war has doubled since 1976. "My point," said Lynn, "is that someone needs to examine the fundamental premise on which our manpower planning is based."

Lynn also addressed the argument that a draft is needed because the all-volunteer force has proved to be a failure. "In fact," he said, "the AVF is working well." The percentage of recruits with high-school diplomas is up, intelligence test scores are no lower, and disciplinary problems are declining. In addition, said Lynn, addressing an often heard concern of both liberals and conservatives, "Contrary to popular thinking, the AVF still draws people from roughly the same socioeconomic background as those who served during the draft."

Lynn also debunked the so-called "shortfall" in reserve strength, which is currently the pro-draft side's most popular argument. Specifically, they say, the Individual Ready Reserve (which, as it turns out, is a paper army, comprised of soldiers who have been discharged but have not yet completed their six-year obligation) is dangerously under strength. The IRR currently numbers 187,000, and it should be at 700,000, they say. According to Lynn, that number is inflated. Civilian officials in the Pentagon have said that the IRR couldn't even use more than 350,000 men. "At the very least," said Lynn, "this committee ought to find out why there is a 100 percent difference in opinion about the size of the IRR. That does not strike me as too much for the public to ask from the administration and Congress before using IRR 'shortfalls' as an excuse for the draft." However, Lynn said, even if we accept the highest estimates, there are other ways to promote enlistments in the reserve, such as offering financial incentives or lowering physical and mental entrance standards. "In short," Lynn concluded, "a call for the draft based on reserve 'needs' . . . seems premature."

Lynn's testimony was politely received, even by Senator Nunn, who plainly disagreed with Lynn's conclusions. It is exactly the sort of practical, hard-headed analysis that makes an impression with congressmen, who consider themselves, above all else, practical people. For example, when Lynn questioned the Pentagon's IRR numbers, Nunn, who had been listen-

ing attentively, interrupted to say he would have a staff member look into the matter.

However, in this case, Lynn's approach, even if it should prove effective this time around, has pitfalls that should be pointed out. What happens, for example, if new studies show that a nonnuclear war in Europe has become marginally more possible? What happens when the volunteer army does, in fact, fall on hard times? What happens if the reserve forces can't meet their quotas? What happens then to Lynn's careful arguments?

What happens is that Lynn's argument, and others like it, will be turned against those who made them. The call for a draft will then no longer be "premature," to use Lynn's word. That is the danger of trying to discuss matters of principle using the other side's assumptions. In the end you lose.

IN THIS CASE, THE DENOUEMENT is foreseeable. The services are meeting their quotas now, or they can with very little additional effort. However, the post-World War II baby boom is about to run its course. According to the Defense Department's own statistics, by 1990 the number of young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one—the group from which most enlistments come—will have declined 17 percent. Soon enough, the military services will find it impossible to get enough recruits to fill their requirements, which are an active duty force of 2.1 million and a reserve force, including both the Selected Reserve and the Individual Ready Reserve, of about a million. This is as close to a mathematical certainty as any projection can be. And it seems clear that this, far more than any current difficulties, is the driving force behind the campaign to resume the draft.

Registration, even the draft, is the tip of an issue of monumental political importance—and inseparable from it. This country's military planners have determined that they need a force of two million-plus to protect the country's interests at home and abroad. (Or to use plain language, since three-fourths of all U.S. troops are designated to fight in foreign wars, they are needed to preserve this country's overseas empire.) These planners can see that in the not-too-distant future, it will become impossible to get enough volunteers to maintain these desired force levels. They are faced with a sim-

ple and logical choice: Either resume the draft or reduce force requirements, and therefore, the scope of American commitments abroad. (A third alternative—raising military pay to attract enough recruits—would be prohibitively expensive.) No one should be surprised that they have chosen to prepare the way for the draft.

The next-to-last witness before the Senate manpower subcommittee was Tom Palmer, representing what the *Washington Post* called the "militant" Students for a Libertarian Society. Palmer, who is twenty-two years old and a student at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, doesn't look like any student radical you've ever seen. He wears three-piece suits, and on occasion a pocket watch on a looping gold chain. His associates say he ordinarily is soft-spoken and mild. If so, the hearing was an exception.

First off, Palmer took Senator Nunn to task over the hearings themselves. "I think it is quite gracious of the committee chairman to schedule an entire two hours to hear the views of 210 million people on a subject of this importance." Then he threatened Nunn with a campaign of massive resistance. Students for a Libertarian Society has already organized demonstrations on the steps of the Capitol and on a number of college campuses. Palmer told Nunn that if Congress voted for registration, more would follow. "Senator Nunn," he said, "you may be able to sneak up on the American public with your registration schemes, but you will find that you have taken on more than you can handle when you run into an organized campaign of resistance and opposition."

The issue, said Palmer, was clear. "The institution of the draft and compulsory national servitude, toward which mandatory registration is clearly but the first step, would be an enormous move toward the complete and total domination of American society by the government." What's more, he said, he wasn't about to stand aside while this happened, and neither were lots of other young people. "We have no intention of being considered as government property, like so many boxes of ammunition. We won't register and we won't go. We are willing to call your bluff, Senator Nunn," said Palmer.

When Palmer finished, Nunn was visibly irritated. But then, as Palmer said later, he didn't intend to make him happy.

NAT HENTOFF

A reckless disregard for a free press

ON APRIL 18, 1979, THE Supreme Court ruled—for the first time in the history of the American free press—that in libel suits brought by public figures, journalists can be compelled to reveal their “state of mind” as they were researching and writing (or broadcasting) a story. The case, *Herbert v. Lando*, has been detailed in previous columns [INQUIRY, Nov. 21 and Dec. 19, 1977]. Colonel Anthony Herbert, claiming to have been savagely defamed on CBS’s “60 Minutes,” is suing Producer Barry Lando, reporter-interviewer Mike Wallace, and CBS, Inc. for \$44 million in damages. (Another defendant is the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which Lando had written an article on his involvement in “The Selling of Colonel Herbert,” as the CBS broadcast was called.)

During pretrial discovery procedures, Lando alone was interrogated for twenty-six days. He answered enough questions to fill more than 2900 pages of transcript. The only ones he balked at were such “state of mind” probes as:

What the basis was for his decision to interview one soldier three times and not to interview another soldier; what his motivation was for including a statement by one individual, and not another, regarding Herbert’s treatment of the Vietnamese; and why certain other material was left out of the program.

The federal district court decided that Colonel Herbert’s lawyers had the right to ask such questions, but pending appeal, the discovery process was

stayed. By a 2-to-1 vote, the Second Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the lower court judge, declaring that to allow questions on how a journalist “formulated his judgments on what to print or what not to print” would be condoning judicial review of editorial thought processes. “Such an inquiry, which on its face would be virtually boundless,” the court added, “endangers a constitutionally protected realm, and unquestionably puts a freeze on the free interchange of ideas within the newsroom.”

Such a commonplace exchange, for instance, as I overheard in a New York City newsroom a while ago when a reporter, returning from interviewing a city official on a corruption story, was asked by an editor, “Is that son-of-a-bitch still lying?”

By a 6-to-3 vote, however, the Supreme Court decided in favor of Colonel Herbert. Not with regard to the libel suit, which still has a long way to go, but concerning his legal power to get inside the minds of the journalists he is suing. A couple of days later, a First Amendment lawyer asked the general counsel of the *Washington Post* how damaging he thought the decision would be.

“Oh, I don’t think it’s going to be too bad,” said the general counsel.

“Have you given any instructions at the *Post*?”

“I just told the reporters they shouldn’t write any memos to each other or to the editors that could be used in a libel suit. And I also advised them not to make any wisecracks in the newsroom that some time later could make them look bad on the stand.”

“You say the impact of *Herbert v. Lando* isn’t going to be too bad,” the First Amendment lawyer laughed, though not with much mirth, “and you’ve already given orders cutting down on free speech in the newsroom.”

Recently, in another newspaper office, I heard that publication’s libel lawyer tell the assembled editorial staff, “I don’t want anything on *paper*—from reporters, editors, checkers, the copy chief—doubting the credibility of anything. It’ll come back to haunt us.”

And at yet another newspaper, the day after the *Lando* decision, the publisher, on the advice of his lawyer, stopped an already expensive investigation into possible ties between certain civic officials and “the mob.” As an executive of the paper explained, “The kinds of sources we use on a story like this are not always very savory; and while before we print, we can test out their leads over hundreds and hundreds of hours, the jury doesn’t see any of that. All they see is a lawyer hammering our reporters as to why they talked to some notably disreputable source. I can hear the question, ‘Did you have serious doubts as to the trustworthiness of Mr. X?’ Good-bye case.”

BY WHAT REASONING, then, did the Supreme Court rule that journalists have no First Amendment right to withhold information about the editorial process—their states of mind while working on a story? (States because a reporter’s assessment of sources and material keeps changing in the course of research.)

The Court, said Mr. Justice White for the majority, acted on the basis of logic and fairness. In 1964, the Court had given the press unprecedentedly broad protection against libel suits by public officials—and later included public figures. In order to encourage “uninhibited, robust, wide open” debate on public issues, the Court, in *New York Times Co. v. Sullivan* (1964), held that to win a libel suit, a public official must prove not only that a falsehood about him had been published but that it was printed with “actual malice.” That is, the newspaper or broadcasting station had gone ahead, knowing the material was false or with reckless disregard as to whether it was false. Four years later, in *St. Amant v. Thompson*, “reckless disregard” was further defined as a showing of sufficient evidence that “the defendant in fact entertained serious doubt as to the truth of his publication.”

For libel plaintiffs to try to prove “actual malice,” Mr. Justice White now adds, they must be able to get “direct evidence through inquiry into the thoughts, opinions and conclusions” of journalists. “Inevitably, unless liability is to be completely foreclosed, the thoughts and editorial processes of the alleged defamer would be open to examination.”

Not surprisingly, in his *Lando* opin-

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ion White omitted several crucial points in concurring opinions back in *Times v. Sullivan*. Hugo Black and William O. Douglas, of course, would have no truck with "actual malice," declaring that journalists have "an absolute unconditional constitutional right" to publish criticisms of public officials.

In a more specific attack on the notion of "actual malice," Mr. Justice Goldberg noted—presciently, it may turn out—the dangers involved in trying to safeguard freedom of speech "by a rule allowing the imposition of liability upon a jury's evaluation of a speaker's *state of mind*. If individual citizens may be held liable in damages for strong words, which a jury finds false and maliciously motivated, there can be little doubt that public debate and advocacy will be constrained." (Emphasis added.)

And that, of course, is the great peril of *Herbert v. Lando*. While it is true, as Mr. Justice White repeatedly emphasized, that in the past some journalists have volunteered to offer "state of mind" testimony in their defense against libel actions, this is the first time *all* journalists in libel suits will henceforth be commanded by the state to disclose their thoughts.

Therefore, says Floyd Abrams, who argued the defendants' case before the Supreme Court, "This is not so much a terrible libel opinion as it is a terrible First Amendment opinion. I view this as an interrogation case which raises the question of what types of inquiries may be put to journalists with the imprimatur of the government. The result is narrowed to libel as of now, but so much First Amendment law involves fighting off future dangers, not only present risks." Accordingly, Abrams warns, once "state of mind" questions are allowed in libel cases, this interrogatory tool may also be extended to congressional investigations, Presidential inquiries, judicial inquiries, etc.

"But let us stay with libel," Abrams continues. "I was in court when Spiro Agnew subpoenaed large numbers of Washington reporters for interrogation during his charges of prosecutorial misconduct. Similarly, I was present when CREEP (the Committee to Re-elect the President) subpoenaed Woodward and Bernstein of the *Washington Post*, Nick Gage of the [*New York Times*] and others to testify as witnesses in its libel counter suit against the Democratic National Committee. CREEP was

demanding all the reporters' notes, drafts, and the like. Now, the question raised by the *Herbert* decision is: What if CREEP had gotten the idea not just to sue the Democrats but to also sue the press for libel? Or suppose Agnew had gone beyond claims of prosecutorial misconduct and had also sued the press for libel.

"Can it be," says Abrams, "that from now on, a sitting Vice President can force the press to answer questions like those at issue in the *Herbert* case? Or that a future CREEP can? Questions like: 'Why did you print this negative material about me and not this other favorable material?' 'What did your editor say to you about me? Your paper has always been out to get me, right?'"

IF ABRAMS'S SCENARIO IS ever put on in a court—and *Herbert* certainly makes that possible—the potential for robust, wide-open debate on public issues heralded by *Times v. Sullivan* may well have been largely subverted by *Herbert v. Lando*.

"What it comes down to," Abrams told me, "is that letting the state get so intrusively into the mind of the journalist is putting the press in a situation where it is simply not the kind of autonomous entity that it ought to be in this country. Not long ago, I was at a conference with black journalists from South Africa, and I asked them if they would be allowed to report about the conference when they went back, particularly about anything hostile that had been said concerning South Africa.

"Well," they answered, 'we'd be called in for interrogation and asked why we wrote a particular passage, who told us to write it, why we didn't focus instead on the good things about South Africa, whom we spoke to, and what we thought of their motives.'

"These are the *Herbert* questions," Abrams notes. "I'm not saying the plaintiff in this case is South Africa or that we have reached that state, but a precedent has been set that can be used by a repressive administration some time ahead to greatly inhibit the American press."

What, however, of Mr. Justice White's insistence that it is only basic fairness to allow a public figure—with the heavy burden of proving actual malice—to probe the "state of mind" of those he claims have defamed him? In his dissent in *Herbert*, Mr. Justice Stewart emphasizes that "actual malice" as used in *Times v. Sullivan* "has nothing to do with hostility or ill will."

It has only to do with knowledge or reckless disregard of falsehood. "Why" questions—"Why did you print this and not that?"—are irrelevant. Therefore, says Stewart, this kind of libel case concerns only "that which was in fact published. What was *not* published has nothing to do with the case. And liability ultimately depends upon the publisher's state of knowledge of the falsity of what he has published, not at all upon his motivation in publishing it—not at all, in other words, upon actual malice as those words are ordinarily understood."

And *this* means, Stewart adds, that since "a publisher's motivation in a case such as this is irrelevant, there is clearly no occasion for inquiry into the editorial processes as conceptualized in this case." The only relevant issues are whether the defendant knew that what he was publishing was untrue, entertained serious doubts as to its truth, or recklessly ignored whether it was true or not.

But how can the plaintiff get the answers to those questions without drilling into the defendant's mind? Says Floyd Abrams: "If a jury hears that ten people have told a journalist that something is not true, and yet he goes ahead and prints it, the jury quite properly may find that he published with serious doubts as to the truth of the story."

Similarly, as Mr. Justice White himself wrote in *St. Amant v. Thompson*, there are other non-state-of-mind ways of winning this kind of libel suit, such as showing, through objective evidence, that a defendant has fabricated a story or has based it entirely on an unverified anonymous telephone call. (Both fall well within "reckless disregard.") To be sure, objective proof is sometimes hard to find, but *Times v. Sullivan* intended that public officials (and public figures) have a difficult time winning such suits. That decision, however, did not make a plaintiff's victory so impossible (as witnessed by the subsequent successes of William Buckley and Barry Goldwater, among others) as to require digging into the minds of journalists and retrieving private newsroom conversations. (As Judge Irving Kaufman of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals wrote: "A reporter or editor, aware that his thoughts might have to be justified in a court of law, would often be discouraged and dissuaded from the creative verbal testing, probing, and discussion of hypotheses and alterna-

tives which are the *sine qua non* of responsible journalism.”)

THERE IS YET ANOTHER likely blight on the press resulting from *Herbert v. Lando*. Pretrial discovery is already alarmingly lengthy and costly. In their opinions, several of the Justices deplored this grim fact of legal life, suggesting that trial court judges do something about it. But the suggestions were only that, and in libel cases, now that journalists can be forced to answer all kinds of *Lando*-like questions, discovery will be even more expensive. It is already close to a question of survival when small publications have to defend libel suits; yet after *Herbert v. Lando*, with discovery wide open in these actions, it is not unlikely that some stories will simply not be printed by economically marginal magazines, papers, and broadcasting stations. There is also the enormous amount of time that has to be taken away from editorial work to defend these suits, further adding to the cost.

“How many weeks of discovery,” Floyd Abrams asks, “could *The Nation* afford?” Or *Commonweal*. Or *Inquiry*.

Readers as well as journalists will be living with the consequences of *Herbert v. Lando* for a long time. The worst possible consequence, of course, is the creation of what Abrams calls an un-American climate in which certain approaches to certain subjects become so risky that they are pursued by only the brave and the foolhardy.

In a footnote to the defendants’ brief to the Supreme Court, there is this excerpt from *On Trial: The Soviet State versus “Abram Tertz” and “Nikolai Arzhak”*:

Prosecutor: Please don’t lecture us on literature. I ask you a simple, concrete question: Why did you portray Ilyich [Lenin] in such an unattractive way?

Sinyavsky: I said that you cannot make a cult of Lenin. To me Lenin is a human being; there is nothing wrong about saying that . . .

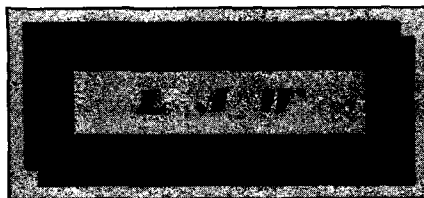
Prosecutor: Let’s go back to your essay on Socialist Realism. Let’s take your political views: What did you have in mind when you wrote: ‘To do away with prisons, we built new prisons . . . We defiled not only our bodies, but our souls.’?

What has this got to do with socialist realism?

And coming up, in the further deposition of the defendants in the *Herbert* case:

“What did you have in mind, Mr. Lando, when you wrote . . . ?” □

INQUIRY



BILL WALLACE

School for spies

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA members of the Abalone Alliance antinuclear coalition were shocked to read the front page of the *San Luis Obispo Telegram-Tribune* on October 5, 1977: An exposé revealed that two members of the alliance were actually police undercover agents who had infiltrated the group as spies for something called the Region “P” Organized Crime Intelligence Unit, an association of police intelligence divisions from three local counties. Reading further, the stunned activists learned that Charles Douglas, one of forty-seven alliance members who had unlawfully entered the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant during a demonstration on August 7, 1977, commemorating the bombing of Hiroshima, was actually Deputy Sheriff Charles Douglas Smith, an agent of the Santa Bar-

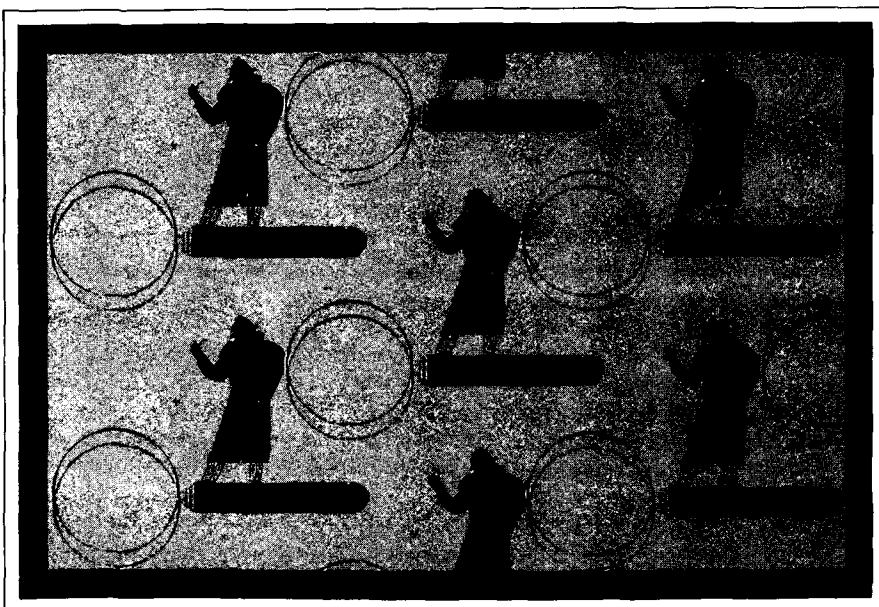
BILL WALLACE is a reporter for the Berkeley Barb, and writes for the Washington Post.

bara County Sheriff’s Special Investigations Unit. Jim Lee, another trusted activist who had participated in the alliance’s occupation of the power plant, turned out to be Richard Lee, a deputy in the San Luis Obispo County Sheriff’s reserve.

Lee and Smith had worked with the alliance as *agents provocateurs*, pushing the group to the limits of the law—and sometimes beyond—in planning its protests. Both were forthright advocates of occupying the Diablo Canyon power plant, an act that would have exposed the protesters to charges of trespassing. Lee even tried unsuccessfully to persuade alliance members that they should use bolt-cutters to snip their way through the chain-link fence around the installation instead of climbing over it. Had the alliance followed his advice, its members would also have been charged with vandalism and destruction of property.

After the occupation and the resulting arrests, Smith dropped out of sight, but Lee stayed on to join the group’s legal defense committee. There he sat in on confidential lawyer-client conferences between the protesters and their attorneys. He even suggested that rather than fighting the trespass charges against them, the demonstrators should pay their fines and go to jail—the quicker to begin planning their next protest.

The Abalone Alliance infiltration is only the most recent in a series of controversial operations mounted by the Region “P” Organized Crime Intelligence Unit. In the early seventies the group had collected police “intelligence” on a Grateful Dead rock con-



cert at a local campus of the University of California, and on the Santa Barbara Jazz Festival. Region "P" even compiled dossiers about local real estate transactions. In 1974 the group published a criminal-intelligence analysis indicating that public-employee unions were a hotbed of radicalism and extremist activity. In 1975 the controversial director of the unit, George Bregante, was sternly criticized by civil libertarians for holding an automatic pistol against the head of an unarmed suspect during a highly publicized drug bust in downtown Santa Barbara.

AS STARTLING AS THE activities of the intelligence unit may be, perhaps most significant is the fact that it is the creation of Anacapa Sciences Incorporated, a little-known private consulting company in Santa Barbara that has had a hand in training police intelligence officers all over the United States and Canada. Since Anacapa was formed in 1968, the firm has, among other things, done the following:

- Helped set up the California Department of Justice's Western Regional Organized Crime Training Institute (WROCTI), a police spy academy that has trained over four thousand police intelligence agents since 1972;

- Established a similar training program at the Department of Public Safety in Dade County, Florida;

- Helped organize and train Michigan's infamous State Police "red squad"; and

- Organized and presented courses on counteracting "urban terrorism"—increasingly a law enforcement catchword for what used to be called subversion—for police officers from all over the United States and Canada.

Most recently, Anacapa has reorganized and rationalized the unwieldy intelligence bureaucracy of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and trained INS agents in the most up-to-date methods of collecting and analyzing the intelligence data on "illegal aliens"—a phrase that is frequently police code for "political undesirables." The course materials used in the INS training program include texts and lesson plans borrowed from a current Anacapa criminal-intelligence course for agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration—among them instructions in the use of the DEA's top-secret El Paso Information Center (EPIC) computer.

In short, Anacapa is one of the foremost firms in the shadowy world of intelligence training. Between 1973 and 1978 Anacapa executed more than \$750,000 worth of contracts with the California Department of Justice alone—and California provides only a fraction of the firm's business. During the same period Anacapa nailed down hefty training and advisory contracts with the U.S. Naval Undersea Center, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement, the Washington State Patrol, the U.S. Department of Transportation, and the U.S. Army Research Institute for the Social and Behavioral Sciences. Anacapa has even trained and advised a host of private businesses, including such spook-filled outfits as Hughes Aircraft, and major U.S. defense contractors like Honeywell, Tracor, and Singer-Librascope.

All this despite the fact that the company doesn't advertise—not even in security management or law enforcement trade publications. In fact the company keeps such a low profile that many people in its own home town of Santa Barbara have never heard of it. Most of the company's business with government and private industry appears to be generated by word-of-mouth referrals and by its own aggressive outreach program: Anacapa has been known to submit training and consultation proposals to firms and agencies that haven't even advertised for bids, literally offering to fill needs where none exist.

However the firm drums up its business, one thing is certain: Its customers are happy.

"They're the put-it-together-and-make-it-go people," one high-ranking California law enforcement official says of Anacapa's staff. "All we look at is their background—their area of expertise—to see whether they will be able to do the job for us. They have an excellent record."

So far, much of that record has been based on political intelligence training and consultation. For example, setting up WROCTI for the California Department of Justice, Anacapa pioneered a course in criminal-intelligence analysis that set the standard for the field. The course—which includes such topics as preparing intelligence files, sources of intelligence information, the use of computerized data processing equipment, and "link analysis," a

variety of analytical logic—has been modified and put into use in Michigan, Texas, Florida, Ohio, British Columbia, and in Canada's capital, Ottawa. A slightly more advanced version with a special segment on the use of undercover agents and informants was subsequently developed by Anacapa for WROCTI to use in training criminal intelligence commanders and other law enforcement executives.

IN A MARCH 1975 DESCRIPTION of its training program on urban terrorism, Anacapa's president Douglas Harris notes that "most of these courses included a curriculum component outlining the indicators of civil unrest and dissidence and the development and conduct of a practical exercise providing the attendees with an opportunity to practice analysis and prediction of terrorist activities." In other words, how to collect and process information on groups opposing the status quo.

The political intelligence content of Anacapa's urban terrorism course itself is even clearer. The course was introduced in California in 1976 and is still a permanent part of the curriculum at WROCTI: It presents "countermeasures which have proven effective in various situations in the past in addition to new, or variations of, other countermeasures which can be considered," a November 1977 Anacapa contract explains. Some examples of these countermeasures: "alternatives to criminal prosecution" and means of "exploiting weaknesses in guerrilla organizations." Another segment of the course deals with "the exploitation of legal police methods," which leads one to wonder what other types of police methods might come into play when cops deal with terrorists.

Another official description of the course points out that the program will give particular attention to "literature dealing with the problems of prosecution, particularly those related to dealing with groups operating under the cover of a *legitimate front* or disguising their operations in the context of a legal activity, e.g., a licensed parade or assembly, book store [or] law office." The point of this curriculum is obvious: "Development of a proclivity for *proactive* operations as well as reactive operations on the part of criminal intelligence investigative officers." (Emphases added.) In short, how to deal with "terrorist organizations" and their "legitimate fronts"

before they commit any overt illegal acts.

The Region "P" Organized Crime Intelligence Unit that infiltrated the Abalone Alliance is a particularly good example of how Anacapa's philosophy is put into practice: The company not only trained the members of the Region "P" unit; it set the unit up in the first place, under a \$30,000 grant from the U.S. Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. But the Region "P" unit isn't the only criminal intelligence agency shaped by Anacapa that has engaged in questionable or unlawful violations of the civil liberties of political activists.

Consider the California Department of Justice, for example. Anacapa Sciences contracted with the department's elite Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch (OCCIB) to study computerized criminal-intelligence information processing systems, and helped OCCIB computerize its own extensive files. Documents recently uncovered through a federal Freedom of Information Act request and a Michigan lawsuit show that those files contain information about members of the Communist party, Students for a Democratic Society, and the American Indian Movement—none of whom have anything to do with organized crime (*INQUIRY*, Dec. 11, 1978).

Or take the Texas State Police: Anacapa developed a two-week course in criminal-intelligence analysis for the Texas Department of Public Safety. The department has since been accused of collecting dossiers on anti-nuclear activists in the Dallas group called the Citizens' Association for Safe Energy. Or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police: After Anacapa put together a criminal-intelligence course for the Mounties in the early seventies, the RCMP's special intelligence unit was revealed to be spying on Québec separatist groups and even on some members of Canada's House of Commons.

IF THE PATTERN IS BEGINNING to sound familiar, there's a good reason: It's essentially the same infiltration, spying, and dirty tricks that Senator Sam Ervin found in U.S. military and civilian intelligence services when he investigated them in 1971. And why not? The people behind Anacapa Sciences Incorporated have ample credentials.

Walter R. Harper, a twenty-seven-year veteran of the systems analysis

field, specializes, in the words of one Anacapa contract proposal, in "man's role as a system component." Most of Harper's work has been in military and related fields. For example he conducted a study for the U.S. Army Special Operations Research Office analyzing the conditions that led to revolt, rebellion, and guerrilla warfare in the Philippine Islands, Malaysia, and South Vietnam. This led to a systems model for making computerized predictions about the potential for insurgency campaigns. Harper also conducted research and training on anti-submarine warfare for the U.S. Naval Underseas Center, did an analysis of the potential of light reconnaissance aircraft in civilian police operations, and completed various studies for the Defense Research Medical Laboratories in Canada.

Harper was the project director for Anacapa's benchmark training course in criminal-intelligence analysis: He also helped to develop Anacapa's urban terrorism course and conducted a research study on campus disorders for the Task Force on Riots and Disorder of the California Office of Criminal Justice Planning, a state executive agency that channels Law Enforcement Assistance Administration money into various law enforcement programs.

James B. Howlett, a former Military Police captain and deputy U.S. marshal, has adapted military hardware for use in civilian law enforcement operations, set up and administered a police intelligence unit in Colorado, run a string of undercover operatives and informers as a civilian intelligence chief, and done undercover work as a narcotics agent himself. Howlett's official résumé with Anacapa Sciences says that he "has been affiliated with the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit"; LEIU is a privately operated network of 250 police intelligence divisions that was recently linked to spying on political activists and is currently under investigation by legislatures in California and Michigan.

Douglas Harris, corporate director and founder of Anacapa, boasts experience as a group scientist with Rockwell International, a firm heavily involved in classified defense work. He held a commission with the U.S. Navy from 1952 to 1955 and served as a member of the navy's crack Underwater Demolition Team. Harris's activities on behalf of Anacapa include developing criminal intelligence

courses for California, Michigan, Texas, Canada, and the DEA; and organizing the Region "P" Organized Crime Intelligence Unit that spied on the Abalone Alliance.

A NACAPA NEED NOT RELY solely on its own staff's considerable expertise; at a moment's notice it can call upon a pool of outside talent for additional aid on consulting or training contracts. "We have developed a cadre of individuals," one company document boasts, "who represent the kinds of expertises and experience which will be required. . . ." That cadre includes such people as Alphonso Tarabochia, a veteran red-hunter for the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on internal security; Ben Wood, former northwestern zone chairman for the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit; and George Bregante, the controversial head of the Region "P" Organized Crime Intelligence Unit.

Anacapa Sciences Incorporated appears to be a new and significant variation of the hybridized spy firms: a company that doesn't engage in spying, but teaches others how to do it. Anacapa is not unique: Similar firms include Systems Sciences Associates of California; Profitect, Inc.; the now defunct National Intelligence Academy; and even the old air force spinoff, Systems Development Corporation. But Anacapa is one of the largest, and certainly one of the most important.

These firms are a new breed within the private sector; they boast former government intelligence experts on their staffs and contract extensively to offer their specialized training and expertise back to the government itself. Because of the recent retrenchment by U.S. intelligence agencies, hundreds of unemployed spies and espionage technicians now roam the country like masterless samurai, looking for a way to ply their trade. As Jim Hougan claims in his book *Spooks* (New York: Morrow, 1978), "America has become a haunted place, as its intelligence agents move from the federal campus to the private sector. . . . Occasionally their work benefits the public, though only incidentally. More often the public is their target and even when no laws are broken, justice is undone." When will the public finally recognize the threat to civil liberties posed by this new alliance of government intelligence and its offspring in the private sector? □

SMOKEY JOE CALIFANO

The Political Hustler as Imperial Secretary

By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

THE FIRST NEWS THAT SMOKEY JOE Califano made when he took over at HEW was that he had hired himself a "personal assistant" whose only job was to cook for the new cabinet member; the second big news out of the Smoke's office was that he'd hired an ex-Secret Service agent enjoying a \$31,200-a-year pension to be another special assistant at forty-seven grand per year; his only discernible duty was to protect the Smoke's valuable and influential body from angry rate-payers. Apparently another special assistant was taken on shortly thereafter whose job was to cook up not food but flattering stories and legends about the secretary.

Next thing we know, all mention of private chefs is dropped and we get a new picture, not of arrogant super-Guinea, as he might have been called back in those parts of his native Brooklyn where spades are still called spades; but of *il poveretto*, the dynamic, concerned cabinet member who is so busy serving his millions of disadvantaged, disabled, and distressed constituents that he has no time for lunch but eats at his desk, sparingly: a tuna-fish sandwich. There soon were other stories about how the Smoke always traveled coach, but those brought whinnies and snorts of disbelief from the Smoke's enemies, who seem to cluster on the White House staff. They elicited from the august secretary the explanation that, "I think I travel

more frequently in tourist than anyone else in the cabinet. I'm not going to name cabinet officers, but I've gotten on planes on more than one occasion where they've been sitting in first class and I'm in tourist."

Perhaps one of the reasons he isn't going to name any cabinet officers is because he can't. President Carter's cabinet is a bunch of same-faced people named Brown. Only Smokey the Secretary stands out in that circle of muffled mumblers, only he knows how to attract attention, to get on the front page and stay on it. Thus the anti-cigarette struggle is begun. The details vary: It was at Christmas or it was at Easter that a Califano child begged Papa to give up his three or five packs a day; and what with tennis and jogging and Perrier and physical fitness just beginning to trickle down from Georgetown to the less healthy masses, Joe joined the I-Quit generation, grew a pair of pink lungs, and took off after cigarette smoking.

For an HEW secretary to have gone after the cigarette industry fifteen years ago would have been a mildly courageous use of the pulpit of high office to warn the nation of a serious public health problem; to do so now, when SmokEnders and Schick are making money by putting anticigarette ads on television, is mock heroics, the safe sort of controversy that can make you National Easter Seal chairman. But a man committed to stamping out lung cancer in our time must be up to something.

Mostly what Joe is up to is moving his self-confident, energetic little self ahead in the world of money, power, and celebrity. There are different versions of this remarkable

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man's remarkable youth, but all agree he came from a comfortably middle-class Catholic family that sent him to the Jesuits at Holy Cross College, thence to Harvard Law School where he made law review. He got the reward that goes with that kind of record: a job with a Republican Wall Street law firm—Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. (The Dewey in the title was Thomas E. Dewey, two-time Republican candidate for the Presidency.)

As Califano told the story, he had grown "bored with splitting stocks for Tom Dewey's law firm" and "happened to be home sick one day in February 1960, when Trudy [his politically active wife from whom he is now separated] was having a meeting of the reform group. I got interested in what they were trying to do, and I worked a little for Kennedy that fall, but at the lowest level." Shortly after the elections, Califano, as the story is always told, wrote Cyrus Vance, then general counsel for the Department of Defense, and asked for a job. It was a letter from a young Wall Street lawyer to an older one, an application from a bright but absolutely safe, young establishmentarian who wished to have a try at becoming something more than rich, at becoming part of the more cosmopolitan power elite who know Wall Street's first line of defense is the Potomac River.

The Smoke had hitched his wagon to a star in Cyrus Vance, albeit one who twinkles in dull but deucedly friendly lumens. Vance is the nice guy who has made his way as far as you can go by always volunteering to take the notes at committee meetings. In short order, Vance had sat through enough meetings to be promoted to secretary of war, and he took Califano with him as his special assistant. It was in that capacity that he could be seen whizzing about town doing such chores as helping to stick a cork into the mouth of right-wing Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker and heading up the staff work on the investigation of the 1964 anti-American riots in Panama. It was while he was running around on these and like errands, looking as conspicuous as a thirty-two-year-old subordinate dares, that Robert McNamara, the *Wundermensch* of that supremely presumptuous period, took notice of this supercarbureted chap drag-racing down his career line toward Big Things.

THE FIRST BIG THING TO COME TO CALIFANO was his appointment as special assistant to McNamara and deputy secretary of defense. Although the Smoke's assignment under McNamara was more as a hopscotching trouble-shooter than as a day-in-day-out administrator, he came to be just as much a defender of the Vietnam War policy as those whose primary duty was to push it. He proved himself to be the same sort of unimaginative repeater of the best banalities: "We can check now, in our time, the new face of Communist aggression, wars of liberation. . . . You don't get peace by bugging out."

You get the impression from the Smoke's utterances of that period that he didn't know if he believed what he was saying, that he never really thought about it, that these were things you had to say to keep your job. First under McNamara at the five-pointed war star and then under Johnson at the White House, what comes across is an undistinguished man in the older, literal sense of the word; a climber content to speak whatever slogan is being promoted this week, such as his statement as late as the winter of 1968 that, "to be sure, Vietnam imposes an obvious budgetary strain and clear and present pressure on our economy"; nevertheless it is a "myth that the conflict in Vietnam so

saps our resources and strains our budget that the unfinished work on our urgent needs at home must stop until the war is over."

Lyndon Johnson's system for recording White House conversations was neither so extensive nor so automatic as Nixon's, so there may not be any electronic record to tell us whether Califano, translated to the White House as assistant for domestic affairs, Johnson's Ehrlichman, was lying when he told the public that America could have guns and butter both. Certainly LBJ was accused of it, but Califano may not have been. Throughout his whole career there is the reckless actionist's tendency to do, instead of to think about what you're about to do. Smart but not heavy is the way he is always described, a guy who "comes around the corner like a car on two wheels," as one of his old White House chums put it.

A man who is happy to take the boss's word for the truth of any matter that might otherwise put the old Smoke into an ethical dilemma, when he does exercise himself about first principles of polity and power, he comes down unmistakably on the side of an omnipotent, centralized government—as with his longtime defense of conscription that began when he worked for Johnson and went on after he left office. His views on the subject reveal the whole small panorama of Joe's political philosophy. Here is Joe explaining how compulsory service preserves voluntarism:

"It is ironic that those who express such concern about the debilitating impact of welfare on the will to work can so enthusiastically accelerate the erosion of the American will to sacrifice and pander to the protective cocoons in which the affluent already live."

Joe, who spun himself a not unimpressively affluent cocoon as a half-a-million-dollar-a-year law partner of Edward Bennett Williams, argues that by drafting the sons and daughters of the wealthy you put a check on "military adventures abroad" and that citizen conscripts hinder military professionals from committing war crimes: "What would the chance have been of exposing the My Lai massacre if the only Americans present had been soldiers who were totally dependent upon the army for their active career and their retirement pay?" Of course, it wasn't a soldier but a free-lance journalist who broke the My Lai

What comes across is a climber, content to speak whatever slogan is being promoted this week.

story, and the only time an American general was convicted of war crimes was during the turn-of-the-century Philipines campaign waged by an all-volunteer army.

To succeed at the highest levels of government you must be a sophist or a cynic. The Smoke is too enthusiastic a character for the cynical calculations of Talleyrandism. Joe is the sort who got where he got by a heedless enthusiasm for obeying orders that he will then defend by Jesuitical reasoning of a kind that offends the modern members of the Society of Jesus who taught the Little Puffer at Holy Cross College. Or, he forgets it ever happened and so can deny the whole thing. When the *New York Times* published

a story based on government documents saying that Califano, along with other officials, had ordered up military intelligence surveillance and infiltration of protest groups, an expostulating Smokey Joe declared, "I have no recollection of anyone ever telling the army to undertake the surveillance of anybody."

But this incident shouldn't be used as proof that Califano is an outstanding varlet. The army has been ordered—on occasion, anyway—to keep tabs on civilian political groups since at least as far back as the Hoover administration, when then Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur told his intelligence boys to step in and attack the Bonus Army marchers squatting in various unused government buildings. If Califano is made into too grand a villain, too creative a malefactor, the whole point about him is lost. The Smokey One does not initiate; he operates. He makes nothing new but uses whatever he finds wherever he finds himself.

He found himself out on the street after LBJ left office, but not without expedients. In addition to doing lawyering for the Democratic National Committee, he is supposed to have earned his oft-cited half-a-million-dollar-a-year income by representing such as Coca-Cola. But however Joe may have shone in the paper chase back at Harvard, since those days he hasn't distinguished himself as either a writer of briefs or a courtroom performer. No, it is unlikely Joe was paid those astonishing sums for his lawyerly skills. Califano got into the long green as a lobbyist, a fixer, and a finagler.

His most successful coup as a cute-deal cutter was in 1975 when he played Pal Joey to an informal consortium of oil companies and, by steering a small change in the law through Congress, was able to net his guys profits of \$164 million in the four months this legal racket was allowed to run before it was shut down.

What Califano had arranged was that his group of small, ma-and-pa refineries would be allowed to pay up to sixteen cents less per gallon for crude oil by further kinking up the already kinky oil cost-equalization law. One of the ways Califano got his legislation passed was by insisting his principals were jes' po' folks who wouldn't otherwise be

In 1975 Pal Joey helped a group of companies by getting a profitable change made in a pending bill.

able to compete with Exxon and the other muscular giants of the industry. In fact, some of these mom-and-pop operations were subsidiaries of Fortune 500 outfits like Dow Chemical and Tenneco.

A Senate Democratic staffer called the Califano amendment "the most outrageous case of taking money out of one man's pocket and putting it in another's that I ever heard of." Beyond that, by rigging the market through quixotic legislative favoritism to make small refineries artificially profitable, Joe did his bit to create the present refinery capacity shortage. Those wee pathetic refineries Joe worked so hard to save and propagate—more than forty have been built since the Califano triumph—can't handle high sulphur oil and lack the flexibility to refine certain

kinds of heating oils and other petroleum products. So well did Joe preach the message of suffering the little refinery to come among you, so fast were these teakettles being built, for a while, that in Washington's fossil-fuel circles they were making jokes about the refinery-of-the-month club.

More latterly, Joe has switched his text back to suffering the poor to come among us. It befits his official status in the Carter cabinet. But why Califano was appointed is less well established. He perfectly conforms to the type of person Hamilton Jordan used to go around saying would never get a job if Carter was elected. In fact, he specifically said he'd quit if Califano's old patron Vance was hired, yet you might think that Vance, with his trembling, liver-spotted personality, would be less objectionable than a Johnson-era type like Joey Hustle.

Maybe Carter, the manager-President who campaigned on business-school gimmicks like zero-based budgeting, remembered the stories of fifteen years ago that described Califano as McNamara's little helper in establishing that exciting, if now forgotten, new administrative concept, "program budgeting," one aspect of the "cost-benefit analysis" that was the biz-school gimmick of the mid-1960s. McNamara was supposed to have used it to stuff the Ford Motor Company with profits before he took it to Washington, where its application at the Pentagon would save billions. In retrospect, the costs are clear enough—tens of billions—but the benefits are harder to find in the wreckage of planes whose wings fell off and tanks that wouldn't shoot.

GIVEN WHAT CARTER WAS SAYING IN 1976 about bureaucracy and a government worthy of its people, and given Joey Hustle's performance after he switched over to the White House, Carter's decision to save Califano from drowning in oil company green is yet more puzzling. As Johnson's Ehrlichman, the Smoke was put in charge of designing the new Department of Transportation, hardly a feat that deserves a statue in the park or even a free ride on the subway; he was also named Johnson's coordinator to solve the balance of payments problem, and every month since then we are reminded of how well he carried out that assignment. Lastly, he was, in the words of McNamara, "the man who, next to the president, has contributed more than any other individual in our country to the conception, formulation and implementation of the program for the Great Society." Sic transit.

It's possible that Carter made Califano secretary of HEW on the grounds that the man who'd done so much to create the mess ought to do at least as much toward cleaning it up. Whether Joe has done that or done anything that needed doing at HEW is impossible to determine. If the place is too big to administer, it is also too big to report on with any degree of confidence. But whether or not Joe knows how to run HEW, he assuredly does know how to be a cabinet secretary.

He's so good at it they talk about his "imperial secretaryship" in Washington. As well he ought to be, because under Johnson Califano's specialty was dressing down cabinet secretaries and curbing the built-in tendency of the executive departments to liberate themselves from White House control. Having played the game from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, he knows how to hold his own against the White House. One of the ways to do that is to advertise yourself,

become a major figure in your own right, so that special assistants to the President find you too prickly and too sticky to mess with.

Joey Hustle has been famously adept at self-advertisement. It has been said that under him the only thing that works fast, well, and efficiently at HEW is the public information office. Beyond that, Joe, an unknown staff-level politician a couple of years ago, is now famous in the land—so much so that not too long ago a draft of a Presidential speech mentioning Califano was sent back for reworking with a marginal notation asking, “Why should we give him credit? He never gives us any.”

PART OF BEING A CABINET SECRETARY, AS distinguished from doing a cabinet secretary’s job, is to hold and enhance every stage prop of importance, every simulacrum of power. So Califano’s retinue expands with such rapidity that the *Wall Street Journal* was moved to observe, “His cadre of personal assistants has grown significantly in size and influence. Almost weekly another special aide is designated to handle immunization, national health insurance or some other matter.” Moreover these various aides-de-camp must hold themselves at red-alert status so that day or night, summer or winter, on vacation or at work, they are telephonically ready to come on the line whenever our human dynamo wants them. If Lyndon is looking down, he’d approve of his kid; Lyndon always believed in keeping the staff scared and running.

A successful cabinet member beats off attempts to pry anything out from under his jurisdiction, no matter who is at the other end of the crowbar. In this case, it was Jimmy Carter trying to get the E out of HEW to form a new, separate Department of Education. Such a department would also be made up of administrative components from the departments of labor and commerce; possibly also from the Veterans’ Administration and who knows where else. Califano knew, and lined them all up to howl that they are happy and efficient where they are.

What Joe may have accomplished in more than two years at HEW is somewhat speculative. When he came in there was a big reorganization with the boxcars on the charts being shuttlecocked all over the flipboard. Some resisted, like Dr. Bertram Brown who was fired by Califano as the head of the National Institute of Mental Health and was kicked all the way to the Woodrow Wilson International Center at the Smithsonian to study that gripping, central issue of the day: U.S.-Soviet health agreements.

Presumably the reorganizing was to save the six to seven billion bucks the Califano-created HEW Office of Inspector General said was being lost yearly owing to “waste, fraud and abuse.” That was last year, when Joe could still blame waste, fraud, and abuse on his Republican predecessors. This year the waste, fraud, and abuse estimates are down a billion dollars and the inspector general’s office is explaining “only about \$2.7 billion of [last year’s] total was based on tangible losses directly attackable by the Department.” Furthermore, “The approach the Inspector General is taking this year is more oriented toward achievable savings opportunities than to an inventory of estimated real and potential losses compiled from a variety of sources with varying authenticity.” Or, translated into human speech: We made up last year’s figures, and now we’d just as soon you would consider them as yesterday’s buffalo chips.

But don’t put Califano down as just another gimp-kicker. Joe’s heart goes out to every unborn fetus.

More recently Califano has been in the forefront of the hospital cost-containment fight. Unless the costs can be brought down to everybody else’s level of inflation, comprehensive national medical insurance, something Joe makes you think he believes in as much as Teddy Kennedy does, isn’t even going to get itself debated. Many think that Califano’s proposals for cutting hospital costs—cutting the number of hospital beds, thinning out the placement of superexpensive equipment to eliminate duplication—are anticompetitive. The extent to which you agree with Joe depends on how much you want free-market medicine, but there may be other ways to cut hospital costs—like cutting promiscuous HEW payments to hospitals for fraudulent claims, overcharges, and unnecessary services. Last year Joe was claiming \$4 billion to \$5 billion was lost this way every year; thus with customary loud noises something called Project Integrity was begun. To date this has resulted in the indictment of only forty-two persons in the health care field and claims for restitution of a mere \$3.9 million.

“Indeed, we need desperately in this country to redistribute more wealth,” the HEW secretary said—with what conviction we’ll never know—as he soldiered the administration’s social security income-tax proposals through Congress. We do know, however, that the thrust of the Carter administration tax policies hasn’t been to injure persons in Joe’s tax bracket, but the millions clustered around the inflation-ridden median. If those on the right see certain Bolshie traits in this conventional corporate statist, others remember Califano’s treatment of the handicapped who had a sit-in at his office to pressure him into signing anti-discrimination regulations mandated by Congress. They were the maimed, the halt, and the blind of the Bible, in wheelchairs or tapping their red-tipped white canes, and Joe starved ’em out of the building. They then crawled across town to line up their wheelchairs on the lawn in front of his house. Ultimately, Joe signed.

But don’t put him down as just another gimp-kicker. Joe’s heart goes out to every unborn fetus. Although wanting desperately to appear the free-spending Great Society liberal, he won’t risk offending God or twenty million voters. Joe opposes use of tax money for abortions for low- and no-income women. Having been taught that in politics, never be negative, he says, “I think we have an obligation to provide a whole host of alternatives to abortion.”

As of April 1979, the obligation has been honored by the appointment of one Lulu Mae Nix to the newly created position of head of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare’s Adolescent Pregnancy Programs. Perhaps it is just as well that, as a spokesman for the pregnancy office concedes, there is as yet no budget, no program. Ah, Joey Hustle, as you pound the corridors of power with the gimps reaching out to touch your trouser cuffs for the cure, with your bodyguard and your cook and your deputies and your first assistant deputies, may you turn a corner and slip on a pack of Salems. □

Living on Two Sides EAST of the Inner Wall GERMANY'S CRITICAL WRITERS By IRENE DISCHE

THE AUTHORS OF POLIT-ically unacceptable literature have come in a small, broken stream from the Eastern section of Germany to the Western, bringing their families and some of their possessions. Their books had come first, a traffic in critical literature that found its way relentlessly to Western publishers. The traffic in literary lives began in 1976 with the expatriation from East Germany of singer-poet Wolf Biermann. Many more writers and artists were subsequently encouraged or forced to leave. To date about thirty-two have come, a tiny, talented group who nevertheless share with the refugees of history a certain disorientation, a habit of calling their shoes home.

The West did not seem like a mecca

IRENE DISCHE, a writer in Berlin, reports frequently on German politics.

to them; Western authorities and press misjudged that. From the critics they labeled "dissidents" West Germans expected a hundred psalms of praise to the new way of life, which the newcomers knew as *Kapitalismus*, the very word signifying a hundred distasteful things, and at best only a strangeness, a different kind of stress and, amid the pomp and sudden celebrity accorded them, insecurity.

Professionally the newcomers rode the *DDR-Welle*—the fad for East German literature. Thomas Brasch's plays were turned down four times by Western theatres before his expatriation in 1976; by 1978 the same pieces were playing to crowds all over Germany. The DDR writers scooped up baskets of literary prizes Western writers began grumbling they didn't deserve. They gave interviews in almost every issue of *Spiegel*. They were, in short, a media event. But then those who didn't co-

operate with the press, or refused to provide the requisite criticism of their former homeland, were made to feel ungrateful. They began to duck the limelight. Some moved away from Berlin, a writers' colony for both Germanies. Sarah Kirsch went to Italy and announced she was happy; Reiner Kunze moved to a remote corner of Bavaria where he refused to install a telephone, and Hans Joachim Schädlich took a country house near Hamburg and never seems to answer his mail or his door anymore.

Meanwhile, many critical artists remain behind. Those who insisted on their right to stay chose the more difficult path. They travel, as most artists can, but return; they are determined not to cross the Wall for good. They believe in their ability to manipulate the state that so nakedly manipulates them. Some feel that by biding their time they might influence the people

or the government; then some day the Wall might even come down. Among themselves they talk frequently about their power, assessing it. Often they express anger at their colleagues who left for the West. A kind of inner Wall separates them now; the two groups have little contact with each other, even though they could.

The writers remaining in the East still snipe at the state, but their shots are not in earnest. Bettina Wengner sings lullabies in a church. She makes a fuss beforehand worrying about the *Stasis* (East German slang for *Staatssicherheitsdienst*, security police)—they frequently disrupt her concerts, although they have never arrested her. Wengner is a small woman who looks much younger than her thirty-two years, especially in her stage uniform, blue jeans and T-shirt, with her hair tightly twisted in two braids. The lullaby she sings concludes, “You can sleep soundly because you know less than I do.” The packed audience interprets this as political; their applause is restrained but enthusiastic.

On the other side of town, in the famous Berliner Ensemble, a director preparing a production deliberately adds what he calls “white elephants” to the script—gimmicks that he knows the officials won’t like and will censor at the last rehearsal. These will keep the officials from noticing more subtle criticism he would like to keep. The state is aware, of course, that the director has critical opinions. It watches him closely: Periodically his mail is opened, and almost certainly his phone is tapped. But the director still enjoys the usual artist’s privileges.

THIS AMBIVALENT RELATIONSHIP between the artist and the East German state goes back to the founding of the republic, indeed back to debates in the 1920s and 1930s among Communist intellectuals like Lukàcs and Brecht who vied to define Marxist aesthetics and the role of art in the ideal society. The East German state interpreted their conclusions with a large measure of crude pragmatism, but fundamentally the East German leadership has always admitted the need for artists, for writers in particular, who provide a mirror by which society may admire or correct itself. Such a mirror also encourages national vanity, which a small country needs.

Quite naturally the government wanted to supervise the manufacture

of this powerful product. Instinctively presuming an antagonistic relationship between the artist and the state, the authorities were rewarded with one. The writers wanted a *laissez faire* relationship. Instead they got slogans (*prolet-kult*, *Kulturbabareis*), categories of the damned (formalism, cosmopolitanism, impressionism), and the insistence that they work for and through the working class.

And yet in the end the government

The writers remaining in East Germany still snipe at the state, but their shots are not in earnest.

has always had to tolerate the writing class as an independent authority, wielding a certain power over the workers. In jockeying for some sort of control the government has tried every approach. It placated workers after the 1953 riots by giving artists and intellectuals, not workers, more freedom because, according to one official, intellectuals were surely behind the uprising somewhere. The writers took full advantage: Less than four weeks later, Wolfgang Harich published an article in which he characterized his country’s cultural politics as “a dictatorship of opinion, led by a small group of functionaries,” which would lead, he predicted, to “cultural sterility” and “soft-stepping” (*Leisetreterei*). Harich was arrested in 1956 and this flowering of East German liberalism had an early autumn and a long winter.

In 1959 the DDR’s cultural moguls tried to break up this literary bourgeoisie by turning art over to the people. Writers were dispatched to factories and fields to mingle with the workers, not only to teach them to write poetry, but to learn from them. With this the DDR seemed to sever important ties with tradition: Ever since Goethe the *Schriftsteller* had been a kind of higher social conscience for his country, a pontiff with a pen. The East German authorities evidently thought they would define a completely new role for him in their workers’ republic. In a short time dozens of novels about the working class appeared, and everywhere workers blossomed into writers. They kept journals, wrote verse; every machinist could expect something from the national literature he called his own. East Germany became a nation of artists and

literary critics.

The experiment was called off hastily in 1964, ostensibly because it had served its purpose, but more likely because the government found the workers’ enthusiasm—in factory workshops, outspoken diaries, and unbridled fantasies—threatening. Another freeze set in.

Then in the 1970s there came another loosening of censorship, much like that of 1953. The scenarios, two

decades apart, had similarities. In both, the government was relatively unstable: In 1953 Stalin had just died; in 1971 party leader Walter Ulbricht resigned and relations with the West were being reevaluated after a decade of stagnant hostility. In the seventies everyone was trying to forget the Prague spring that had so traumatized the *Ostblock* in 1968. The authorities cautiously but conspicuously relaxed censorship by releasing several previously unpublished books. Party chief Erich Honecker made the trend official at the 1973 bidecennial writers’ congress, by symbol and speech. Hobnobbing for the cameras with Ulrich Plenzdorf, a troublesome critic, he announced that literature should have an independent, if always socialistic, relation to the state.

But the censor did not close up shop in 1973. Encouraged by Honecker’s pronouncement, writers in the DDR produced more critical literature, although little more was actually published in the East. Then the West started publishing it, and the *DDR-Welle* began with a flood of Wall literature. Brasch’s protagonist climbed the Wall, Schädlich’s looked at it, Schlesinger’s drove through it in a dream. The Wall became a symbol of East Germany’s renewed isolation by the brutality of her politicians.

The people, who had never lost their love for art, turned eagerly to this literature. But in a country with a censored press, literature is more than entertainment; it is a source of information. The public reveled in books about their problems. Today, if made-to-order political fiction sells slowly—although the supply is lopsidedly large—critical literature printed in small quantities disappears within hours of

reaching bookshops and later circulates on a black market. Heiduczeck's latest novel *Death at Sea* can be bought today for eighty marks *Schwarz* at one store in East Berlin; tomorrow it will be gone. Its official list price: eight marks. Some readers will suffer shortages more gladly than others—Thomas Brasch, a writer now living in the West, used to break into foreign cars to steal books.

Nor is the public ignorant of quality. Readers have an astonishing appreciation for the classics. Recently a

yet he remains a member in good standing. If some of his books do not get reprinted, because East Germany must import its timber for paper from the expensive Scandinavian countries, most of them do, and all have gotten printed eventually. Like his wife's concerts, Schlesinger's readings sometimes get disrupted or stalled, but not all of them—just enough, it seems, to remind him of what can happen.

Schlesinger, for his part, is perfectly willing to live with such minor harassment. "I call myself a critical social-

not sustain himself by writing as a German one can—he has no market in the West. The East German writer's work and his appearance are sought-after commodities on the Western market, especially if he is critical. The public in the Federal Republic has made a fad of the Democratic Republic's literature—and nobody has to read it in translation. Because the East German gets handsomely paid over the border, he can financially afford harassment at home. Bettina Wengner doesn't just sing in dark churches; last September she used her writer's traveling privileges to go to West Berlin where she gave an identical performance on Western television, braids, lullabies, and all.

Television plays a key role in these cultural Cold War games. It is a part that the East Germans inadvertently assigned when they decided in 1958 to manufacture a tv model with Western rather than Soviet frequencies. Back then officials cited technical advantages, but it is a tantalizing piece of East-West gossip that the Soviets themselves railroaded the decision for a Western model—it would be more convenient, they supposedly argued, after all of Germany stood under the hammer and sickle.

This conceit about reunification is common on both sides of the Brandenburg Gate, but rarely has a policy based on it backfired so conspicuously. After 1961 the government could immobilize its citizens, but because of television it could not isolate them. If the state censored information, the public heard all about it on the *Tageschau*, the evening news. Ninety percent of the population tune in every night to stations that now frankly gear some programs to their audience in the East.

It did not take critics long to discover that if they said something undesirable on television in the West there was no way of censoring it in the East. The state could not afford to deal harshly with televised critics because any repercussions became further news. In fact, the critics learned that tv granted a double immunity, for if they publicly deplored the lack of certain freedoms, the government felt that saying so was its own refutation, and permitted it. The Western publishing houses that printed critical prose and the recording companies and radio stations that recorded and broadcast criticism were variables in what was briefly a balancing equation.

The government's tolerance for unflattering literature depends upon changing political variables.

publishing house printed 800 copies of Robert Musil's *Man Without Qualities*. Without warning, the distributor shipped all 800 copies to one small Berlin bookstore for routine sale. By the end of the day the supply was sold.

THE GOVERNMENT'S tolerance for unflattering literature depends upon changing political variables, hard to predict and impossible to document. "We have no thermostats here," laments Stefan Heym, whose latest novel *Collin*, published in March, depicts the problems of a critical author. In general the state does not like writers to reflect the disfigurements of society that could discourage the population: the Wall, the obligatory army service, relations with the USSR, and so on. These are topics that an artist like singer Bettina Wengner rarely addresses directly today, preferring to let them gleam from a lullaby.

Wengner's husband, Klaus Schlesinger, also belongs to that group of writers who produce literature the government today calls "*böse*"—evil, bad. The term, with its double meaning of blasphemy and poor quality, gives the state moral license to harass its authors. But the tall, bearded writer with the flowing grey hair and bright blue eyes seems a borderline case. Critical sections have been deleted from his books, but he has never been vilified by the daily *Neues Deutschland*, nor in a literary journal like *Sinn und Form*—the first sign of official displeasure. Two years ago Schlesinger signed a petition asking the government to repatriate Biermann, and he was not invited to attend the writers' guild congress last spring;

ist," he says, "and my post is here." He scoffs at the term *böse* and laughs that *Neues Deutschland* recently labeled critical writers "*Nestbeschmutzer*"—nest soilers; he recalls that at the turn of the century the editors of the same paper were called *Nestbeschmutzer* by the Social Democrats. "It's just like the Kaiser days again," says Schlesinger. But he dismisses with annoyance the Western term for him, "Dissident." Like Wolf Biermann, Schlesinger criticizes the state but is unwavering in his loyalty to a Communist Germany. In fact, his analysis of East Germany's current freeze on civil liberties is kitchen Marxist—formulaic, and all goes back to the price of eggs.

Schlesinger can literally afford to be both loyal and critical because he is a writer. Despite all efforts to integrate them during the past decades, writers really are the remaining bourgeoisie in East Germany, enjoying many of the freedoms that the middle classes traditionally hunger for; the rights to earn money independently, to travel, to live where they want, even the right to speak for themselves politically. Last spring a worker was arrested in Berlin for carrying a sign that read, "I fought for Angela Davis; who fights for me?" But his comrades in the writers' guild, Franz Fühmann, Heiner Müller, and Schlesinger, were widely quoted in Western newspapers and interviewed on television earnestly discussing their country's shortcomings.

These privileged citizens have no counterparts in the other *Ostblock* countries. Even Poland's flourishing *samizdat* trade—typewritten copies of forbidden manuscripts—cannot compare; a blackballed Polish artist can-

WOLF BIERMANN WAS the first to openly exploit this strange relationship, and he became its first victim. Until 1964 Biermann, a singer who had immigrated to the DDR from West Germany, was on good terms with the government. That year, on a tour through West Germany, he accepted an invitation to make a recording with Philips. His independence infuriated the East Germans. For a dozen years afterward he was not permitted to publish or give concerts in the DDR. He cooperatively stayed at home where he cut records in his own living room, showed hospitality to Western newsmen, and wrote articles and plays that appeared and earned money in the West. Though *Neues Deutschland* fumed, the government never touched him. They remembered, admitted one official, that Biermann had immigrated from the West. So the authorities treated him like a guest who was overstaying his welcome; they were rude but not yet forceful.

Then in the seventies Biermann's protégés began putting their feet up on the table too. Biermann's example was clearly contagious, but by then the singer was too prominent to be quietly slipped into prison. Instead the authorities issued him an exit visa—to give a concert in Cologne. The concert was televised and Biermann took the opportunity to address the audience he knew was watching back in the Democratic Republic. West German tv rebroadcast the concert the next day to make sure it would reach everyone; the radio presented it repeatedly. After that, says Paul Wiens, a party-line poet, the government would have had to put him in jail. "And that," says Wiens, "would have been a stink."

Men like Wiens see the problem as a simple one with a straightforward solution. They go ahead and tell jokes about it. One that Wiens tells well and with particular relish concerns a sign that appeared on the Wall the day after Wolf Biermann was denied reentry to East Germany. "Biermann in, me out!" chuckles Wiens. The image of graffiti on the Wall, a cement ribbon running through a no man's land of mines, wire, and steel pipes, is absurd in the first place. And then, East German graffiti artists like to calculate that the average life span of any political scrawl is five minutes. But the preposterous story captures, as does

Wiens's good humor about it, the irony of the situation, and the government's resigned acceptance of it. In 1976, the year of the "case Biermann," 200,000 East Germans applied for emigration papers. Only several hundred, who qualified on the grounds of family reunification, got beyond the immigration office. "One cannot love what one cannot leave," sang Biermann.

Wiens has not told the joke on himself. He is simply being candid. He does not like repression, he says, or denying someone the right to speak his mind. The newspapers, he concedes guardedly, are censored. Pressed, he admits the psychological effects of this: "Perhaps we only compare in practice," he says after the joke, "But in principle we are better." Wiens is being partisan, playing the East-West game that everyone in Germany plays obsessively, none less fruitfully than the media.

In fact, the Western media, which endorsed "dissident" literature in the early seventies (as before 1961 they celebrated and thus encouraged immigration from the East), probably helped to speed its repression in the late seventies. After the 1971 thaw, newsmen swarmed at certain households in the East. Dissident friendships were cultivated, critical opinions were reaped, and these were turned into instant deutsche marks by Western audiences. This doomed the liberal experiment because the East German government believed it was being managed by the Western media.

There were other factors, of course. By the mid-seventies détente had gone

Communist newspaper] under their arms!"

The Biermann expatriation in the fall of 1976 was conceived in desperation. The "Biermann problem," as it was called in government circles, had plagued the authorities for more than a decade, like a bad tooth that they couldn't cure and didn't know how to pull painlessly. Biermann was unarguably part of the body Communist. He had immigrated to the DDR from Hamburg as a boy of seventeen with a headful of ideals he never lost. His songs ran the gamut from smart-assed to nasty; like "Smalltown Sunday" with its refrain "Yup, today I'll watch tv," to his cheery "Those trees belong to the LPG [state collective]/which put up a sign/ THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY IS STRICTLY GUARDED . . ."

The songs began the sideways assault on DDR-brand Communism that became frontal in the spring of 1978 with party economist Rudolf Bahro's careful analysis of the costs of so-called *Konsum-Kommunismus* and the ever-increasing bureaucratization of the DDR. As deputy editor of *Forum* in the sixties, Bahro had attacked several critical writers. He was a full-fledged insider. Now he tried to prove with statistics what a group of writers had been showing with images—the alienation suffered in the "new" society, the almost feudal relations between workers and their society-boss. Last summer Bahro was given a choice between a ten-year jail sentence and expatriation. A staunch patriot, he chose the former. (By February his resolve apparently weakened; in a letter pub-

East German graffiti artists estimate that the average life span of any political scrawl is five minutes.

as far as it could. Eurocommunism was growing stronger and increasingly defining itself in opposition to Moscow. In 1956 the government worried about Hungarian liberalism to the east; now it feared a possible coalition of Communists over the western border. "None of us knew how deeply Eurocommunism had sunk in here," explains Gerhardt Ziegengeist, a literary historian in East Berlin. "Among many of our intellectuals the concept of Socialism has been invaded by so-called leftist and social democratic elements . . . some writers even come to meetings with copies of *L'Humanité* [a French

lished in *Spiegel* he said he was willing to leave.)

There has been hardly a murmur of protest from within the DDR. The protesters learned their lesson after the Biermann expatriation: A letter of protest signed by thirteen members of the literary establishment, including Christa Wolf and Stefan Heym, accomplished nothing. Some who signed a second draft of the letter found themselves without publishers or invitations to give readings. The writers' congress that convened in May 1978 told the whole story by its roster—none of the thirteen who signed the protest letter

were present.

With Biermann's expulsion the government had finally found the perfect solution. Its problem essentially was that it could not keep *böse* literature from its population. Literature published "over there" inevitably made its way back in. Imprisonment only made martyrs of authors, and youth needed no more heroes. But if the common culture made the situation so maddeningly difficult, the authorities suddenly knew how to turn it to their advantage: If the language and

most writers had no interest in changing their style of life. The young ones, like Brasch and Jürgen Fuchs, who never enjoyed writers' privileges in the East, have thrown some money around—for books. Brasch's austere living room overflows with the Western literature he once burglarized from Western cars, and Fuchs collects books in sets and then gives them away impulsively.

And then, West Germany has its own problems with censorship and unfettered self-expression. The Third In-

cost him his vow, made several weeks after immigrating, to remain a DDR writer. A prevalent hatred of Communism, silly hopes about reunification, and increasing repression have stung Biermann and some of his friends like Fuchs into full-blown involvement in Western affairs. Today Biermann practices his critique from the left, just as he has always done. The singers Christian Kunert and Gerulf Pannach sang at the Russell Tribunal last year. And it comes as one of the few pleasant ironies of the situation that they have been able to speak out against repressive laws where others—even those of Böll's stature—have been intimidated. Once again, the DDR authors enjoy a kind of immunity. There are complaints about their ingratitude—there was even a demonstration against Biermann in Düsseldorf last year—but these embarrass everyone. "Biermann, he is the only one of us who can open his mouth," remarked one writer ruefully. So the East actually doubled its win by exporting Biermann. It not only rid itself of a gadfly but deposited him in the ear of the opposition.

Not all émigrés think Biermann and Fuchs are doing the right thing by criticizing West Germany. Everyone has his own strategy for survival in the new, imperfect homeland. One man maintains he sees no point in conceding any unhappiness whatsoever. "When the photographers come I go out into the street and stand in front of the nearest Mercedes as though it were mine," he says cheerfully. He doesn't want others to lose their courage to speak out because the punishment of expatriation seems unbearable.

Another writer from a small town in East Germany hastily sold his story to the Springer tabloid, a crudely conservative newspaper. His colleagues upbraided him and gossiped that he was paid too little. Differences of opinion have deepened and have fractured the little group. Relations between those who stayed and those who left are particularly bitter. Bettina Wengner added a song to her repertoire last year that suggests the immigrants have deserted. Reiner Kunze foresaw this and remarked, "People will say a dead Kunze in the DDR is more important for us than a live one in the BRD!" Name-calling much worse than "traitor" circulates, and is hardest and most in earnest among those who were friends and fellow survivors before. This is one layer of the inner Wall.

The Western press offended the East German authors by treating them solely as political actors.

culture were the same, they reasoned, assimilation would be easy—in fact, virtually inescapable. The authorities gambled that by removing a writer's citizenship they could strip him of his identification and finally his plausibility. Stefan Heym, remaining behind in the DDR, remarked about the émigrés, "They are no longer DDR writers."

THIS STRATEGY SHOWS a sophisticated view of the artist's product, as well as of his sensibilities. The DDR is the only country in the *Ostblock* with linguistic and cultural ties to its neighbors. No one expects a Russian author who has immigrated to America to begin writing American literature. But what about a young man moved from one part of Berlin to another? "The transition was less marked than moving from Leipzig to the countryside," recalls Thomas Brasch.

The Western press proved unwitting help to the East. By expecting praise for the West from Biermann, members of the press misjudged and irritated him. By treating literary figures solely as political actors, they offended them. "They'll make you feel your greatest achievement was immigrating," one émigré warned Brasch two hours after he arrived. Two and a half years later Brasch complains that he cannot shake his tag—DDR writer. He wants to be known as a *German* writer, he says.

The *Bundesrepublik* didn't really understand the refugees. They were expected to travel, buy themselves cars, and speak out even more frankly against their former governments. But

ternational Russell Tribunal met this winter to discuss German civil liberties. What they concluded was alarming. Article 88a of the penal code, prohibiting expressions of support for crime, and article 131, prohibiting the "glorification of violence," have been freely invoked in the *Bundesrepublik* in the last two years, not only against political pamphleteers but against painters and poets. Recently a newspaper reported that in one Bavarian town the owner of a record shop was threatened with prosecution under both articles for selling Wolf Biermann records.

West German writers enjoy political respect, as East German authors do—it seems a German tradition. In a poll taken by *Stern* last year, readers asked to list the ten most influential Germans consistently ranked Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass next to Helmut Schmidt and Willy Brandt. But West German writers do not have a strong tradition of political literature. Peter Schneider's *Lenz*, with its introspective leftist student, and Böll's *The Lost Honor of Katearina Blum* have frankly political themes. (Too frank, scoffs one East German critic who prides himself on his talent for innuendo. Shakespeare, he says, can say twice as much politically as a piece of journalism.) But cultural differences between the two countries have driven their literatures worlds apart. The émigrés to the West found that the *DDR-Welle* was contending in popularity with the *Neuinnerlichkeit*, the new subjectivity—Peter Handke on dissolute marriages, Botho Strauss on art galleries.

But for a political personality like Biermann, it is the political situation in the *Bundesrepublik* that ultimately

THE NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS, 1940-1971, edited by Simon Karlinsky. Harper and Row, 346 pp., \$15.00.

Dorogoi Bunny, Dear Volodya...

ANTHONY BURGESS

IVIVIDLY REMEMBER RECEIVING the four volumes of Vladimir Nabokov's annotated edition of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* and wondering at the mad devotion expended on it, like Kinbote with John Shade's *Pale Fire*. Bidden review it for *Encounter*, what could I do but praise? Then I read Edmund Wilson's bitter attack in *The New York Review of Books* and Nabokov's spirited reply. Small reviewers like me scuttled out of the crossfire and left it to the giants. What most of us failed to notice in that battle was the incidental avowal of a twenty-five-year friendship. Wilson felt for Nabokov "a warm affection sometimes chilled by exasperation," a sentiment fully reciprocated by Nabokov: "In the 1940s, during my first decade in America, he was most kind to me in various matters, not necessarily pertaining to his profession. . . . We have had many exhilarating talks, have exchanged many frank letters." The correspondence here presented under the admirable editorship of Simon Karlinsky at no point gives evidence of a coming breach so terrible. Frankness, yes, but always affection, eagerness to meet again, mutual admiration, love from the family.

They had so much in common. Wilson was the sole nonacademic American who could claim a devotion to Russian literature that encompassed writers other than Tolstoy and Turgenev. He and Nabokov had Pushkin in common, and yet it was over Push-

kin they parted. Both knew French literature well. Both, the one with *Memoirs of Hecate County*, the other with *Lolita*, earned opprobrium as pornographers but were instrumental in giving the quietus to public cant and hypocrisy: Total freedom of expression in the Anglo-Saxon countries begins with those two books. Wilson could even claim a layman's interest in lepidoptery, which, perhaps more than literature, was Nabokov's abiding passion. If they failed to achieve a totality of rapport, the fault was probably more Wilson's than Nabokov's.

For Wilson had been so thoroughly indoctrinated with Marxism that he was blind to the unpartisan interpretation of Russian history that Nabokov was superbly qualified to give him. He could or would not see that an émigré

like Nabokov was not bitter at the expropriation his family had suffered (along with the minor matter of the assassination of his father), but angry at the failure of sixty years of growing liberalism under the monarchy. That liberalism should have culminated in a parliamentary democracy; instead it was blown out at one puff in an unnecessary revolution. Wilson was brought up on a New York variant of the nineteenth-century Russian view of literature as an instrument of social change (something that the Soviet regime, far from inventing, merely took over) and saw in Nabokov's writings an evasion of politics; his Russian, at that time, was inadequate for tackling *Invitation to a Beheading*, which had not yet been redone in English. On the other hand, the author of the seminal *Axel's Castle* was unlikely to confuse the literary with the tendentious: He, more than any man of the age, knew what good writing was.

It was ignorance, some of it willful but most of it not, that prevented Wilson from understanding Nabokov's attitude to Russian history. He cannot be blamed for not knowing, in 1940 when Nabokov arrived in America, that this debonair, penniless European was already a major Russian novelist. (The



BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

Among ANTHONY BURGESS's recent books is 1985, published by Little, Brown.

term *émigré* was a damning one among the Manhattan Leninists.) But he can be blamed for not comprehending Nabokov's literary method and for taunting him on his lepidopter word-play, a kind of post-Joycean frivolity (that "love-affair with the English language"), when Nabokov was merely working in a long-established Russian tradition of finding out truth through examining language. There was behind him (and now, in a new American translation, before me on this desk) Bely's *Petersburg*, a book of prerevolutionary provenance, and a tradition of symbolism older than that dealt with in *Axel's Castle*.

Nor could Wilson well appreciate Nabokov's general attitude toward literature. Nabokov saw certain revered Anglo-American figures like Henry James as mere etiolated versions of Turgenev. He could not stomach Faulkner. He was willing, on Wilson's recommendation, to teach *Bleak House* at Cornell, but he had to invoke the memory of his father reading Dickens aloud in the golden pre-Lenin days. Jane Austen, whom Russians cannot understand, he eventually accepted and found useful when annotating Pushkin. (After all, there was a certain communion of civilized values there.) But Nabokov's attitude toward books was summed up in the phrase, "A book is either for the bedside table or the wastepaper basket." That was not the view of Wilson, whose reading was directed less to immediate pleasure than to the kind of knowledge he could impart in collections of essays with titles like *The Triple Thinkers* and *Patriotic Gore*. He read for duty, which Nabokov rarely did.

IT WILL SEEM DEMENTED to the average reader that the real division between them, which one sees in these letters first as a hairline fissure, later as a gulf, was occasioned by their attitudes to prosody. Nabokov refused to understand Wilson when he spoke of secondary stress in English polysyllables; Wilson was a long time coming to realize that the only stress in a Russian polysyllable is a root or tonic one. On the evidence of their correspondence, Wilson's Russian seems never to have been much more than a reading instrument and one, moreover, better suited for the comprehension of prose than for the subtleties of a poet like Pushkin. He attempts what he calls a clerihew (though it has six lines rather than four) about Tolstoy

that is full of grammatical errors.

Nabokov, from whom he could reasonably have expected helpful replies to his queries about difficulties in the language, could never quite understand these difficulties: He could not put himself in the place of a foreigner who finds certain aspects of Russian somewhat baffling. As for prosody, Nabokov, who wrote verse in English and often very good verse too, could be very dogmatic about it, though it seems that he had a true poet's empirical approach rather than a technologist's mastery of the suprasegmental elements in language. They are both rather old-fashioned, with their ping-pong games in which iambs and anapests are slammed about and Gerard Manley Hopkins is never once mentioned.

And so, after the *Eugene Onegin* affair, the correspondence comes to an end, except for brief nostalgic exchanges that seem charged with bewilderment as to how this estrangement could ever have happened. True, Nabokov's circumstances changed radically after the publication of *Lolita*. He went back to Europe and could no longer be helped with the offer of a chance to do a review, a story in *The New Yorker*, or a \$500 lecture. The two men could no longer look forward to brief encounters while changing trains. Wilson became crotchety and, one feels, on the evidence of the *Upstate* reminiscences, unreasonably vindictive toward his old friends. But any Englishman like myself, a lifelong admirer of Wilson and regretful that he should bear such animosity toward my race, must always read him in the expectation of a sudden irrational volte-face, an uncalled-for querulousness. Nabokov seems always to have been reasonable. After all, it was not he who started the big and embarrassing public declaration of disaffection: He merely, always reasonably, defended himself.

Professor Karlinsky, whose erudition in all literatures seems to match Nabokov's own and whose philological annotations are invaluable, is a model editor. His introduction is admirable and most elegantly written, and the arrangement of the letters is visually attractive. He, publisher, and printer are to be congratulated on the production of a book very informative about the state of letters in our own age, and especially informative about the minds of the two giant protagonists. No admirer of either author can afford to neglect this collection. □

SIDESHOW, by William Shawcross. Simon and Schuster, 467 pp., \$13.95.

Imperial sideshow

ROBERT BOROSAGE

CAMBODIA WAS NOT A mistake; it was a crime. The world is diminished by the experience." With this judgment William Shawcross concludes his brilliant account of American policy toward Cambodia from 1969 to 1975. Although it is a solid history and the writing has the flair of an English mystery novel, the book is best viewed as an indictment—a criminal indictment of Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon for crimes against humanity (aggressive war); crimes of war (wanton mass destruction and murder); and crimes against the laws and the Constitution of the United States.

Sideshow documents these past crimes, but it also suggests the potential for similar outrages in the future, since the perspectives and institutions that were at the root of the Cambodia "experiment" continue to dominate American policy to this day. And although Nixon's star is in eclipse, the central culprit, Henry Kissinger, is not only still at large, but is hailed as a master strategist, Nobel Peace Prize winner, and possible candidate for the United States Senate.

The Cambodia tragedy can be summarized briefly. For centuries the Khmers struggled to survive the onslaughts of larger, neighboring populations, and the far more formidable invasions by the French and Japanese. Under the leadership of the outlandish, mercurial, maudlin, and incredibly supple Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia survived Japanese occupation and gained independence from the French with a minimum of violence and disruption.

While American intervention in Vietnam was growing Sihanouk kept to a policy he labeled "extreme neutrality," seeking to preserve the inde-

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pendence of his small country. But when hundreds of thousands of American troops began to pour into South Vietnam in the mid-1960s, Cambodia's eastern regions became a thoroughfare for North Vietnamese movements of troops and supplies to the south. After 1967, the Vietnamese also began using the Cambodian border areas as a sanctuary from U.S. search-and-destroy missions and carpet-bombing techniques in South Vietnam. Sihanouk did not stop—and indeed could not have stopped—the Vietnamese, but he balanced their presence by increasing his gestures toward Washington. His central concern remained to keep Cambodia from suffering the ravages of war.

Under the Johnson administration the military repeatedly recommended attacks on the Cambodian sanctuaries, but Johnson always refused to extend the war to neutral Cambodia. (He did authorize secret Special Forces reconnaissance raids, code-named DANIEL BOONE.) This restraint, reinforced by intelligence estimates indicating that disruption of the sanctuaries would not greatly affect the Vietnamese effort in the south, was abandoned in the first months of the Nixon administration.

In his campaign for the Presidency Nixon had claimed to have a secret plan to end the war; in fact, what he had was a scheme to prolong and perhaps “win” the conflict, a scheme that became known as “Vietnamization.” This combined withdrawal of American troops to reduce U.S. casualties and domestic political opposition to

gress finally forced an end to the carnage, Cambodia had suffered massive bombing raids throughout virtually the entire country, absorbing considerably more bomb tonnage than had been inflicted on Japan during all of World War II. An estimated 500,000 had died, millions were uprooted, the economy was destroyed, and the gentle land savaged.

AS SHAWCROSS MAKES clear, these decisions to bomb and to invade were made with little regard for Cambodia—other than as a target. Neither Kissinger nor Nixon knew anything about the land or its people; those few officials who did, were excluded from the decision making. The United States had no strategic interests in Cambodia per se; no cultural or colonial or any other nonmilitary ties. Nor was Cambodia attacked to win a military victory in Indochina; its only value was as an illustration, an example—a setting in which Nixon and Kissinger could demonstrate their will, their ruthlessness, and their cynicism.

Both Kissinger and Nixon viewed all of Indochina from an imperial perspective: It too was not important in itself, but merely as a conquest, proof that the United States was not a “pitiful, helpless giant.” Thus, Vietnamization had to be accompanied by displays of Washington’s machismo and determination. To this approach, shared by the U.S. policy elite for years, Kissinger and Nixon brought a perverse variation: As Shawcross

when he’s angry—and he has his hand on the nuclear button. . . .”

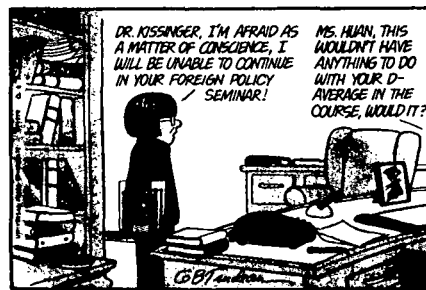
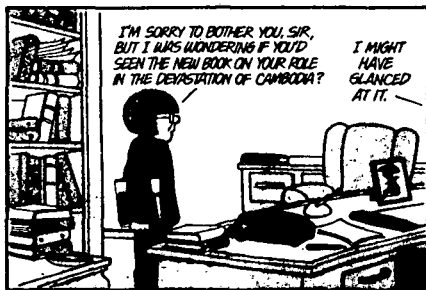
This approach discounts beforehand any argument based on standards of civilized conduct. Arguing that an invasion is illegal or immoral or unpopular only serves to justify it, for what is lawless, wanton, or outrageous only proves the President’s arbitrariness and unpredictability. To claim that there are no military targets worth pursuing is hardly relevant; what is important is the show of overwhelming strength and decisiveness. The only restraint acknowledged is the possibility that one might lose—the morality of the brute.

But, Shawcross observes, there is a small price for the theory: “Reputations for irrationality have to be established, and that can be done only by irrational actions.” The secret bombings of Cambodia were the application of the Madman Theory. It was the Cambodian peasants who would suffer unspeakably in this imperial game; to them, Nixon and Kissinger would be as gods for whose “sport” thousands would die.

The secret bombing of Cambodia was the first step. The second was the invasion, in 1970, immediately after Sihanouk was deposed by a military coup led by the diaphanous General Lon Nol. Here again, Nixon and Kissinger dominated the decision making, excluding anyone who differed (like Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird), as well as anyone who knew anything about Cambodia. The invasion was directed not so much against the secret Vietnamese “command post”—intelligence reports indicated that the Vietnamese would withdraw from the border areas subject to attack—but, as Nixon stated in his extraordinary speech to the nation, against the forces of anarchy everywhere:

We live in an age of anarchy. We see mindless attacks on all the great institutions which have been created by free civilization in the last five hundred years. Even here in the United States, great universities are being systematically destroyed. Small nations all over the world find themselves under attack from within and from without. . . . If when the chips are down, the world’s most powerful nation, the United States of America, acts like a pitiful, helpless giant, the forces of totalitarianism and anarchy will threaten free nations and free institutions throughout the world.

After the 1970 invasion, the administration inevitably became committed to the support of the isolated and corrupt Lon Nol regime. Cambodia became the first grand experiment of the



UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE, JUNE 3, 1979

the war, with the corresponding expansion of U.S. bombing and military support of the Thieu regime in Saigon.

In March 1969, Nixon commanded secret B-52 bombing raids to begin in Cambodia—starting with the monstrous code-name BREAKFAST, to be followed by LUNCH, SNACK, DINNER, DESSERT, and SUPPER. In April 1970, Nixon and Kissinger decreed the U.S.—South Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. By August 1973, when Con-

writes, “Each believed in the value of unpredictability, of appearing ‘irrational’ to one’s enemy.” In *The Ends of Power*, H. R. Haldeman wrote that Nixon explained to him his “Madman Theory” of the war in this way: “I want the North Vietnamese to believe I’ve reached the point where I might do *anything* to stop the war. We’ll just slip the word to them that, ‘for God’s sake, you know Nixon is obsessed about Communism. We can’t restrain him

"Nixon Doctrine," which attempted to expand Vietnamization into a global strategy. In the future, the United States would share with its clients the burden of deterring "aggression": We would supply weapons, ammunition, airpower, and economic aid; they would supply the foot soldiers, the grist for the war mill. In Cambodia this meant a massive bombing of the countryside that continued even after the last U.S. troops had left Vietnam and after the "peace" was signed, until Congress demanded its termination.

SHAWCROSS IS PARTICULARLY effective in dissecting the shortcomings of the Nixon Doctrine. To begin with, the doctrine makes no distinction between external aggression and internal revolution, and indeed it is designed to erase that distinction. Thus it encourages support for the most repressive, unpopular regimes that will carry out American dictates—even if those dictates run counter to the needs of the country's own people. As a result, the United States becomes committed to tyrants and dictators who are threatened by their own citizens. And the theory ignores the local implications of the commitment: As Shawcross notes, "Neither in his background talk nor later did Nixon ever seem to consider what effect the introduction of American assistance might have upon a client country or what might happen if, after Washington had committed its prestige, that client proved unable, in a Nixon phrase, 'to hack it.'"

In Cambodia—as in Iran later—the effect of U.S. aid was to further corrupt and isolate already undemocratic regimes. And the commitment invited the growth of U.S. intervention as the client regime became weaker. The Nixon Doctrine remains a centerpiece of U.S. policy today, with Thailand, Brazil, and now Egypt too, serving as U.S. "deputies" armed and supplied to police a region. But the ignominious fall of Lon Nol and the overthrow of the shah removed the two favorite deputies of Kissinger and Nixon and brought considerable embarrassment to subsequent occupants of the White House.

The domestic consequences of the imperial perspective were exposed in the impeachment proceedings. Leaks about the secret bombing of Cambodia led Kissinger and Nixon to order illegal wiretaps against reporters and aides, and to create the "plumbers," which

began the direct descent to Watergate. The bombing and invasion of Cambodia were blatant affronts to international law, and direct violations of the U.S. Constitution. But, as noted, lawlessness was integral to the imperial role. Shawcross cites one of Kissinger's quips: "The illegal we do immediately, the unconstitutional takes a little longer."

What Shawcross does not mention is that the Carter administration has reaffirmed this same imperial contempt for constitutional restraints. In the past five years the Congress has passed legislation authorizing future Presidents to do what President Nixon and Henry Kissinger did by fiat. Faced with a choice between national security institutions and the Constitution, the Congress has repeatedly sacrificed the latter to serve the interests of the former. The President may now make war for up to sixty days without any Congressional declaration. He can make commitments at will—interventions in Zaire or Yemen would now be sanctioned. Similarly, the Congress is about to pass a charter for the CIA that will declare in law our intention to engage in covert disruption of the internal affairs of weaker countries throughout the world—international laws and treaties notwithstanding.

Under the Carter executive order, wiretaps, break-ins, and mail openings may be used to collect "foreign intelligence information." And the Carter administration has established the most extreme claims for the executive's right to enforce secrecy ever advanced by any administration. Nixon and Kissinger relied on Presidential assertion and prerogative; for that Nixon paid a personal price. But Congress and the post-Nixon administrations have now systematically distorted the constitutional framework to legitimize the same imperial activities.

FOR CAMBODIA, THE costs of the "sideshow" continue to this day. Carefully, and with great moderation, Shawcross demonstrates the connection between the bombing of that country and the rise of the brutish Pol Pot regime; between the destruction wrought by the final spasms in Southeast Asia and the starvation and terror suffered by the Cambodians after our departure.

Only one major participant has escaped without suffering at all for these crimes and follies: the central character, Dr. Henry Kissinger, now a

millionaire and the toast of New York and elsewhere. If Shawcross's book has a flaw, it is his excessively gentle treatment of the man who, when asked about the 500,000 killed in Cambodia, replied, "I may have a lack of imagination, but I fail to see the moral issue involved." No war crimes tribunal appears likely to try this ghoulish man, but in the pages of history, William Shawcross, the son of the British prosecutor at Nuremburg, has proved, clearly and dispassionately, the truth of Joseph Heller's outburst in *Good as Gold*: "It was disgraceful . . . that this base figure charged with infamies too horrendous to measure and too numerous for listing should be gadding about gaily in chauffeured cars, instead of walking at Spandau with Rudolf Hess. . . ." Or, as even Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* was moved to write of Kissinger: "His jokes have about them the air of the grave. That we honor a person who has done such things in our name is a comment on us." □

MUNICH: The Price of Peace,
by Telford Taylor. Doubleday,
1084 pp., \$17.50.

History lesson

SIMON NEWMAN

IT WAS PERHAPS TO BE expected that the former U.S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials would adopt a traditional "guilty men" approach to the events surrounding the Munich Agreement of September 30, 1938. Few of the protagonists escape his penetrating, sustained, and consistently argued indictment; least of all the "appeasers" in Britain who should, apparently, have plunged Europe into certain war in 1938 to prevent an uncertain war in 1939.

True, this is not quite how Telford Taylor puts it, but it is thus that the question was viewed in London and

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Paris in 1938, without the benefit of hindsight. Making full use of this prerogative of the historian, and making the assumption that war was inevitable, Taylor submits that Britain and France would have been in a better strategic position to fight in 1938 than they were a year later. But, as he admits, other eminent historians have argued exactly the reverse, and only one variable need change to throw the whole projection off beam.

Fortunately, Taylor's vast tome goes beyond such interesting yet barren speculation. It focuses principally on how and why Munich came about. The interests and policies of each country concerned are examined, so that the book provides a comprehensive picture of European diplomatic history between the wars. Taylor has made up his mind on all the issues, and the message comes across loud and clear: The democracies would have done better to adopt a policy of confrontation and resistance all down the line.

What were the facts of the case? Czechoslovakia was put together in 1918 from the ruins of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It was an agglomeration of seven million Czechs, three and a quarter million Sudeten Germans (whose National Socialist party predated Hitler's), two million Slovaks, almost three-quarters of a million Hungarians, and almost half a million Ruthenes. This "polyglot entity" was ruled by a Czech-dominated government in Prague whose authority was constantly questioned by the minority populations. In particular, the rapid resurgence of German power in the 1930s was strong meat to the Sudeten autonomists across the border, whom Hitler increasingly used to further his Greater German and eastern European ambitions after the annexation of Austria in March 1938. His interest lay in neutralizing the Czechoslovak link in the chain of alliances erected against Germany by France in eastern Europe in the 1920s, a link reinforced by the Soviet Union in 1935. As Hitler was fond of repeating, Czechoslovakia was a "dagger pointed at the heart of Germany," the spearhead of Bolshevik penetration into civilized Europe. He therefore had plans prepared ("Case Green") for a surprise attack on Czechoslovakia while supporting the increasingly vociferous claims of the Sudeten Germans against the Prague Government.

That the Sudeten issue might erupt

Munich is almost universally, and wrongly, seen as a sign of the willingness of the British to write off eastern Europe.

into general war was recognized by the European powers. A German attack on Czechoslovakia would trigger French intervention under the 1924 Treaty, and this in turn would bring in the Soviet Union. Because Britain would be bound to intervene only if Germany attacked France (there would be no obligation if the French went to war against Germany on behalf of Czechoslovakia), the British considered French independence a vital interest. A Franco-German war must be prevented if Britain were not to be drawn in. Hence the paradox that Britain, in order to isolate herself *militarily* from the continent, had to become *politically* involved in furtherance of this fundamental aim. The paradox finds its ultimate expression at Munich.

WHY DID THE PROSPECT of war so frighten the British? The main reason is that they felt their hold on an overextended empire to be slipping. As the chiefs of staff repeatedly pointed out to their political masters, "We cannot foresee the time when our defense forces will be strong enough to safeguard our territory, trade and vital interests against Germany, Italy and Japan simultaneously." The onus was therefore on the politicians to "reduce the numbers of our political enemies."

To this task Neville Chamberlain conscientiously applied himself when he became prime minister in May 1937. Like his predecessors he too sought an agreement with Germany designed to tie Hitler down, on the traditional assumption that German expansion represented a danger to British security. The Sudeten issue threatened to spoil his plan, and in March 1938 he set out to defuse the Central European time bomb. Above all, until its rearmament program matured, Britain was simply too weak to prevent Germany from imposing its will.

The result of Chamberlain's 1938 shuttle diplomacy—his first visit to Hitler, at Berchtesgaden; the second

visit, to Godesberg where Hitler upped the stakes; and the final full conference at Munich—was cession of the Sudetenland to Germany. It was an imposed settlement with all the unpleasantness of threats and inducements that such diplomacy usually involves, and Taylor tells the story very well, in great detail but never allowing the reader to lose sight of the main issues.

Taylor acknowledges Britain's deficiencies, but puts them down to Chamberlain's own hatchet work as chancellor of the exchequer responsible for Britain's finances from 1931 to 1937. Chamberlain argued that in view of the cost Britain must concentrate on her air force and navy rather than equipping an army expeditionary force for slaughter on the Continent. As prime minister he proposed an overall limit on defense spending; thus more for the air force meant less for the army. But the effects of this rationing process have been exaggerated. In less than a year the pressure from below blew the lid off the top.

In putting their money on the air force the British were attempting to insure themselves against a "knockout blow," a surprise bombing attack on London by the Luftwaffe; Taylor assesses this as the most important determinant of Munich. The irony was that German bombers were designed not for long-range strategic bombing but for tactical support of the army. Only the British were developing heavy long-range bombers.

Taylor underrates Chamberlain's argument that conserving Britain's financial strength was an equally important "fourth arm" of defense. In the 1930s Britain was already living on repatriated capital. Its heavy reliance on imported raw materials and foodstuffs made it particularly vulnerable, and to support a long war would require the nation's total resources. By 1940–41 Britain was virtually bankrupt. Hence the institution of Lend-Lease.

I have some difficulty with Taylor's statement that Neville Chamberlain

"did what he did at Munich not because he thought he had to, but because he thought it right. For him, appeasement was a policy not of fear but of common and moral sense. . . . Munich was no surrender, but a passionately moral act." There are two problems with this. Firstly, though the prime minister may have used moral arguments to justify or rationalize his actions, his main motivation was the one that activates the great majority of statesmen when it comes to foreign policy: their perception of the national interest. Secondly, it is misleading to identify "appeasement" solely with what happened at Munich.

The distinction is important because Munich is almost universally, and wrongly, taken to symbolize the British government's willingness to write off eastern Europe. It is true that Munich involved bowing to German expansion eastward: The British at that point were unwilling to contemplate the alternative. But to go on from there to imply that this is what "appeasement" was all about is simply wrong. A free hand for Germany in the east was no part of the settlement with Hitler that Chamberlain desired: Confirmation of the European territorial status quo was the essential and true aim of his "appeasement" policy. In this sense Munich represented the failure of appeasement, not its pinnacle.

THE BARGAIN CHAMBERlain envisaged offered colonial and tariff concessions by Britain in return for German disarmament and abandonment of their policy of autarky and their attempt to carve out an exclusive sphere of interest in Central and southeastern Europe. It is perhaps because Taylor focuses so hard on Munich itself that he rather loses sight of Chamberlain's wider policy aims. And he devotes barely a paragraph in this book of more than a thousand pages to the British efforts before and after Munich to stem German expansion by *economic* means, a further clear indication of Britain's desire to maintain the balance of power in Europe by all means short of war.

It was only in March 1939, with the guarantee to Poland, that the British decided to risk a war to maintain that balance. Taylor attributes too much importance to the journalist Ian Colvin's part in precipitating the guarantee. Colvin's report to the Foreign

Office about an imminent German attack on Poland was nothing new, and British ministers, prompted especially by the French, had been thinking in terms of Poland long before.

Munich and appeasement have become two of the most heavily loaded words in our political vocabulary. Whether we like it or not, and whether or not historically justified, they have come to describe what Taylor calls a "conciliatory, yielding approach to the resolution of conflicts," and a policy of "avoiding confrontations of force by giving way to the demanding party." The danger, of course, is that conciliatory solutions will be rejected in principle and for all time because of lessons supposedly to be learned from Munich. Taylor recognizes this danger but nevertheless sees in Munich "a potent and historically valid symbol of the dangers of not facing up to unpleasant realities." I may have missed the point, but it seems to me that facing up to unpleasant realities was precisely what Neville Chamberlain was doing when he sold out the Czechs. But then one must be wary of drawing lessons from history. □

JIMMY CARTER, THE MAN AND THE MYTH, by Victor Lasky.
R. Marek Publishers, 200
Madison Avenue, New York,
NY 10016; 419 pp., \$12.50.

He didn't stop with Watergate

PHIL STANFORD

THE FIRST TIME I CAN recall hearing much about Victor Lasky was during the Watergate hearings, when his name surfaced in connection with a list of secret CREEP payments. In response to a question by Senator Lowell Weicker, Jeb Magruder said he had paid the sum of \$20,000 to a writer "who had done writing work, as I understood it,

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for the—either for the White House or in relationship to a book he was writing." The writer, Victor Lasky, had requested the money in cash, and that is how Magruder had given it to him. Magruder offered additional details in his Watergate book, *An American Life*: "Dick Howard, Chuck Colson's aide, had called me one day and told me to give the money to Lasky, who had written an extremely favorable book about the President. In fact, it was so favorable that Lasky's publisher refused to issue it, so we were giving him the \$20,000 his publisher wouldn't give him." When the transaction became public, Lasky said he got the \$20,000 cash payment for writing speeches for Martha Mitchell.

The next time I heard about Victor Lasky was during the confirmation hearings for Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller. Rocky had been accused of paying Lasky to write a book on Arthur Goldberg, who had been his opponent in the 1970 New York gubernatorial race. The Vice Presidential nominee, of course, denied the vile insinuation. He didn't do it, he said. It was his brother Laurance. Laurance agreed, and that, amazingly, was that. No one, least of all Lasky, bothered to deny that the payment had been made, or that Lasky had written the book—which this time was actually published, under the title *Arthur Goldberg: The Old and the New*.

Now, public recognition of this sort is extremely embarrassing for a journalist, and everything considered, a lesser man than Lasky might have decided to take a trip to someplace like Costa Rica. Or at least to refrain from publishing again until the heat was off. But as we have already seen, Lasky is no ordinary journalist.

In 1977 Lasky published *It Didn't Start With Watergate*, a defense of Richard Nixon based on the proposition that not only did Nixon not do it, but so did everybody else. Of course, this line of argument hardly constitutes a legal defense of the once and former President; it is merely political rejoinder. It so happens, however, that there is considerable evidence that Richard Nixon was by no means the only President guilty of serious illegal and unconstitutional acts. As Barton J. Bernstein, who reviewed the book for *INQUIRY* (Nov. 21, 1977) wrote, the thesis that Watergate was not *sui generis* in recent American history is an important one—one, moreover, "warranting judicious judgment, careful

documentation, and substantial research." Unfortunately, as Bernstein went on to say, Lasky's book didn't make it on any of these counts: "Innuendo, unsubstantiated rumor, and poor judgment abound. His technique is to clip and paste, to shove material, whether proved or questionable, into careless chapters, sometimes without acknowledging borrowed prose."

About all I can add to this is that Lasky has written another book. The name of this one is *Jimmy Carter, The Man and the Myth*.

ACTUALLY, "WRITTEN" IS probably too strong a word. As Bernstein noted, Lasky's books are not distinguished for their original research or fresh prose. Out of the entire book I can recall only three instances of what might pass for unborrowed material—one an interview with Reg Murphy, now editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* (which elicited some predictable I-told-you-so quotes); another, a chance encounter in an elevator with Carter's pollster Patrick Caddell (which revealed abso-

lutely nothing); and finally, a brief meeting with Carter in the White House, which is described at the end of the book under the heading "A personal note." I quote it here in its entirety, not because it's particularly good reading (it's not), but because it serves as well as any short excerpt could to demonstrate Lasky's utter banality:

Talking to the President briefly at a White House reception shortly before Christmas 1978, I could see how bone-tired he was, as he shook hands with dozens of guests. The "young man" who had been pictured in those Why Not the Best? posters no longer looked youthful. He now had deep lines etched in his face and shadows under his eyes. And, even though he knew that this book was in the works, he couldn't have been nicer. "It's a great honor to have you in this house, Mr. Lasky," he said. The next day, it was announced that he was suffering from a painful anal affliction.

Otherwise, Lasky's book on Jimmy Carter resembles nothing so much as a scrapbook of other people's work. Sometimes Lasky gives credit, either in a footnote or a textual reference,

and sometimes he doesn't. As one who has contributed more generously than he ever thought possible to Lasky's latest opus, I have a personal bone to pick. During the last campaign I wrote a long study of Carter's record for the Capitol Hill News Service and a piece on Carter for the *Columbia Journalism Review*, both of which Lasky borrows from extensively. However, I suppose I am a minor victim. And to put the whole thing in perspective, it must be said that Lasky is hardly in the same league as Alex Haley in these matters.

I began Lasky's book with misgivings, of course, but with some cautious hopes as well. My own research three years ago had convinced me that contrary to the illusion that was then being presented to the voters, Jimmy Carter was a completely cynical politician for whom appearances were the final reality. In many ways, he seemed to me very much like Richard Nixon. I had hopes, I guess, that Lasky, as a journalistic outsider, would disregard the usual pieties of establishment journalism and reveal the real Jimmy Carter—the man, not the myth, as the

Only from the Bulletin

Einstein and Peace

March 1979 marked the 100th anniversary of the birth of Albert Einstein, a founding sponsor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. To commemorate the event, the Bulletin published a special issue in his honor. The contributors are: Bernard T. Feld, Harrison Brown, Glenn T. Seaborg, Joseph Rotblat, M. A. Markov, Hannes Alfvén, Margaret Gowing, Spencer Weart, Alva Myrdal, Toshiyuki Toyoda as well as recollections of Eugene Rabinowitch, James Franck, Leo Szilard and J. Robert Oppenheimer.

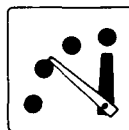
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book's subtitle promised.

I had in mind a telephone conversation back in 1976 with a reporter for the *Washington Post* who had been assigned to write a series on Jimmy Carter. He was leaving for Plains, Georgia, and he wanted my suggestions for any leads he should follow up. I told him that if he really wanted to understand Carter he should examine Carter's statements on the issues. I told the *Washington Post* reporter what I thought and suggested that if he did this he would reveal Carter as the conniving, essentially amoral politician that he is.

"But we can't do that," said the reporter.

I asked him why not.

"If we did that for Carter, we'd have to do it for Ford, too."

"Well," I said, "then do it for Ford."

"Yes," he said. "But if we did it for both of them, there wouldn't be anyone left for the people to vote for."

At least, I thought, Lasky wouldn't fall into this. Lasky, you see, hates Carter. As it happens, he hates him mainly because his name isn't Richard Nixon, but you can't have everything. And though Lasky's hate might be partisan, I knew that it would be thoroughgoing. Nothing, if it reflected badly on Carter, would be too insignificant to be included in the book, I thought with no appreciable sorrow.

Well, I was right. It's all there. All the dirt you ever wanted to know about Jimmy Carter. The only problem is that it doesn't make much sense. There is no perspective. To Lasky, smoking dope in the White House is at least as serious as wholesale flip-flopping on matters of public policy. There are no new insights. On the rare occasions that Lasky feels the urge to explain anything, he quotes someone else's explanation—usually one by Patrick Buchanan, James J. Kilpatrick, or the editors of *National Review*. There is not even any thesis. In the end, all Lasky can say about Carter is that he is an "enigma."

And hate? Even I was embarrassed. At one point Lasky suggests that Jimmy Carter enrolled in the U.S. Naval Academy to get out of World War II. A little later he repeats the rumor that surfaced during the Presidential campaign—although "needless to say," writes Lasky, "the story was preposterous"—that Jimmy Carter is the illegitimate son of Joseph P. Kennedy.

Victor Lasky is a toady and a malicious hack. But then, what else is new?

F I L M

MANHATTAN, directed by Woody Allen.

Metropolitan lives

STEPHEN HARVEY

WHEN THAT RARE MOVIE comes along that elicits rapturous choruses everywhere, from raffish *Variety* to the august *New York Times Magazine*, the skeptical movie maven turns properly wary; warning signals flash once said alleged masterwork achieves final canonization via a *Time* cover story. Nothing could be more ominous than being informed yet again, in one periodical after another, that here at last is a movie that really tells us the truth about the Age In Which We Live.

In every season one new movie must be remasticated ad nauseam; with *The Deer Hunter* and *The China Syndrome* on the wane, this dubious honor has now been accorded to Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. (Next stop, *Apocalypse Now*.) By the time this piece sees print, you'll probably be cringing at the prospect of reading one more word in praise of *Manhattan*, and no wonder. Nevertheless, here for once is a movie that is both engaging and substantial enough to withstand any barrage of critical overkill, and then some.

In fact, Allen's newest is so triumphant that it even casts a belated ray of glory on last year's lamentable *Interiors*. Pretentious mishap though that film was, it's probable that *Manhattan* could never have happened without the groundwork already prepared, however haphazardly, by *Interiors*. The subject matter of the two movies is essentially the same, namely, the travails of a race of hypercultivated,

anxiety-bound city-dwellers muddling waywardly through the seventies. Yet where *Interiors* invited us to wallow in the self-conscious sorrows of these people—no jokes, no music, no on-screen Woody—*Manhattan* takes a giant leap forward by freely acknowledging not only the burden of the self-induced torments of these all-too-recognizable characters, but their rampant absurdity as well. This change of perspective makes all the difference; Allen's newest creation manages to be broader in scope than *Annie Hall* with no reduction in its quota of laughs, and infinitely more penetrating than *Interiors* without any of the latter's ponderousness.

As in *Annie Hall*, but with far greater emphasis here, *Manhattan* focuses at least as much on the spirit of the city itself as on its screwy inhabitants. Allen's New York is a place of infinite glamor and promise where nothing really works out as expected—a portrait that can appeal both to its die-hard devotees, and to all those perplexed souls west of the Holland Tunnel who tend to believe that only the demented would willingly choose to live there. Both Allen the director and Allen as Isaac Davis are equally entranced by the idea of New York. Davis, our would-be hero, is a dissatisfied tv-comedy writer and novelist *manqué*. While a voice-over informs us that he is "too romantic about Manhattan," Allen opens the movie by flipping an intoxicating sheaf of skyline views from dawn to dusk as "Rhapsody in Blue" surges over the soundtrack—the sequence of sound and images climaxed with bursts of fireworks over Central Park at night.

Yet the lives of Isaac and his sidekicks, as observed by Allen's jaundiced eye, could scarcely be more inbred or parochial if they were lived along Hudson's Bay rather than the Hudson River. These New Yorkers have their own cottage industry—not whale blubber, but free-lance prose. Isaac's long-postponed tome promises to expose contemporary mankind's "decaying values," and his schoolteacher pal Yale (Michael Murphy) is threatening to write an exhaustive study on the oeuvre of Eugene O'Neill. Meanwhile, Mary (Diane Keaton) pens pro-

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files of both the artistic greats and the not-so-terrifics, and Isaac's exwife Jill (Meryl Streep) awaits publication of the journal detailing her male-oppressed past and her gloriously liberated lesbian present. Isaac's current flame Tracy (Mariel Hemingway) is the sole member of this circumscribed community whose muse is silent—for which she can be pardoned seeing that she is only seventeen and possesses all the assertiveness of an amoeba.

THIS CAST OF CHARACTERS (always excluding the distinctly preverbal Tracy) basically possesses only three topics of conversation—their work, their love lives, and Culture. The last in particular is mined and recycled ad infinitum as the group troops from this intellectual-chic watering hole to that trendy shrine of the arts, running the gamut from pricey eats at Elaine's (Yale discoursing on gossip as the new pornography) to gallery openings on West Broadway (Mary pronouncing that the photography show in question is "like Diane Arbus with none of the wit"). When it comes to culture, Mary is a self-proclaimed iconoclast and Isaac a closet idolator. She nonchalantly divulges her "overrated list," oblivious to the sounds of gagging of her companions; banished to her intellectual purdah are Mahler "of course," Jung, Isak Dinesen, and, naturally, Ingmar Bergman—which makes Isaac's face display the symptoms of a terminal intestinal hemorrhage. At home, Isaac, on the other hand, quietly confesses to his tape recorder that the legacy left by the likes of Groucho Marx and Louis Armstrong is practically all that makes life worth living.

Where romance is concerned, however, Mary and Isaac think as one, even if they feel everything asynchronously—neither they nor Yale ever quite know what they really want, but can't understand why they never get it. Whatever it is, it's not what's going on at the moment; Yale guiltily cheats on his wife with Mary—who is likewise conscience-stricken—he then dumps her, regrets it, and retrieves Mary while she's in the process of discarding Isaac, who'd become intrigued with her while trying to disentangle himself from the ingenuously devoted Tracy, whose subsequent absence moves him more profoundly than her presence ever did. The acts of rejection take place according to a formalized ritual—over food is best, since

the recipient isn't likely to scream with his/her mouth full. They all slough one another off with a casual ruthlessness, but every time it happens, the victim of the moment reacts with the same hurt look of dazed incomprehension. Isaac can't figure out why permanent bliss eludes an idealistic monogamist like himself; Mary is resentful because, in her own modest words, "I'm beautiful and I'm bright and I deserve better." The only one who seems satisfied with her sexual lot in life is Jill, cohabiting with a *littérateur* who resembles the second runner-up in a Susan Sontag look-alike contest. And yet if Jill is really so happy, why does she seem so hostile all the time?

Late into the film, Isaac relates the real purpose of his decaying-values book: to tell a quintessentially New York story about the neurotic dilemmas the denizens invariably create for themselves. *Manhattan* is Allen's testament to these same people, and what's really remarkable is the way he's taken an essentially sad situation, and without in any way evading its darker implications, managed to turn it into such an irrepressibly funny film. Much of the humor, as usual, comes from his preternaturally accurate ear for dialogue and eye for behavioral detail.

Yet much of *Manhattan*'s truth comes from Allen's sense that whenever human needs give rise to human entanglements, there are no simple conclusions to be drawn. His characters see everything through a haze of mixed emotions, and likewise practically every scene in the movie simmers with paradox. Conflicting moods constantly undercut each other—with mounting irritation Isaac listens to a passage

from Jill's paean to self-love in the guise of feminism, but what really gets to him after all is not the arrogance of her book, but her dead-on accuracy about his own character. At the fade-out, Tracy tries to comfort Isaac by telling him that not everyone gets corrupted, and she urges him to have a little faith in people. Even the anachronistic Gershwin medley over the soundtrack serves more often as an ironic counterpoint to the action than as a mere sprightly accompaniment.

CONSIDERING THE SELF-absorbed posturing of Allen's characters, they might easily have proved as infinitely obnoxious as the dramatis personae of *Interiors* were. But how can you hate anyone who makes you laugh as hard as this? With the minor exception of Anne Byrne, who, as Yale's wife, is rather a cipher, Allen's cast serves his purposes as admirably as anyone could hope. Hemingway is a wondrously intuitive movie performer, and her ungainly fragility mesmerizes the camera whenever she comes into view. The tunnel-visioned chutzpah of Keaton's Mary is a more than worthy companion piece to the distracted ditheriness of her Annie Hall two years ago; as for Allen himself, his resources as an actor have only deepened along with the on-screen persona he's created for himself.

It's almost unavoidable that a movie as ambitious as *Manhattan* should turn a wee bit self-conscious at times. Its running time, just over ninety minutes, is almost too densely packed with significant episodes—one slightly misses the throwaway elasticity of Allen's earlier movies. His use of the music



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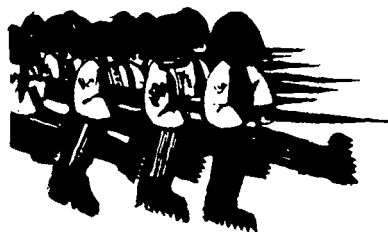
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borders on the cutesy a little too often, and although Gordon Willis's black-and-white photography is indisputably dazzling, punctuated at times with real tours de force (most particularly Isaac and Mary's foray into the eerie gloom of the Hayden Planetarium), somehow the very decision to film *Manhattan* in black and white was a trifle on the precious side.

More seriously, as Allen progressively works at infusing his movies with deeper layers of feeling his taste for the Chaplinesque becomes ever more pronounced, and this has certain drawbacks as well as undeniable rewards. The poignancy he's aiming for is coated occasionally with a veneer of masochism, which so far he's barely man-

aged to dilute sufficiently. Isaac's tremulous final encounter with Tracy is a direct steal from *City Lights*, intercut close-ups and all; Allen brings it off without prompting any invidious comparisons, but in a way that's just the point. Even leaving aside Allen's perennial *shiksa* fetish, there is the fact that, as with Chaplin, his anguished longing for the love of an innocent child-woman is, if not precisely sinister, at least a little bit more complicated than the movie ever lets on.

However, like Isaac, Mary, and the rest, I should know by now not to expect perfection, either in Life or in Art. As it is, *Manhattan* is about as close to flawless as we're likely to get these days. □

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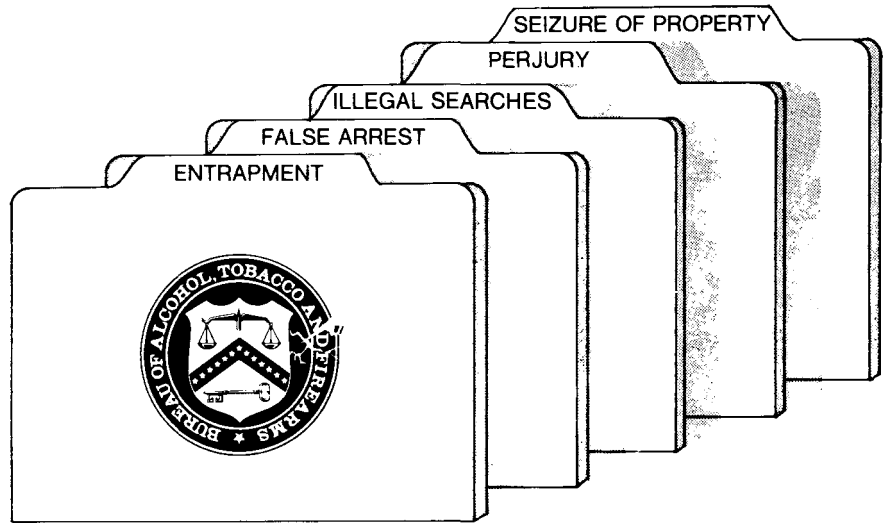
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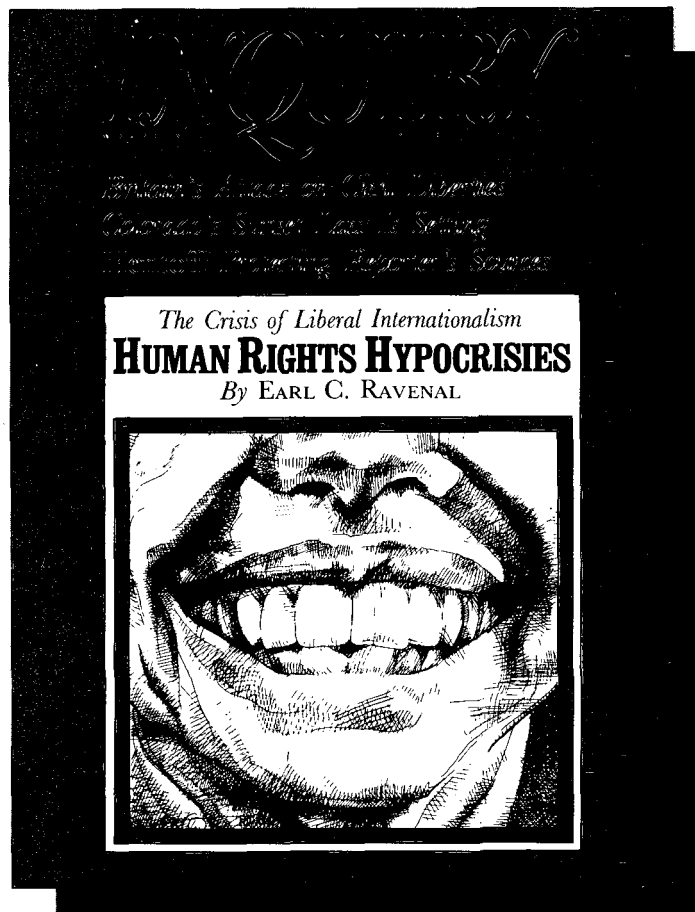
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